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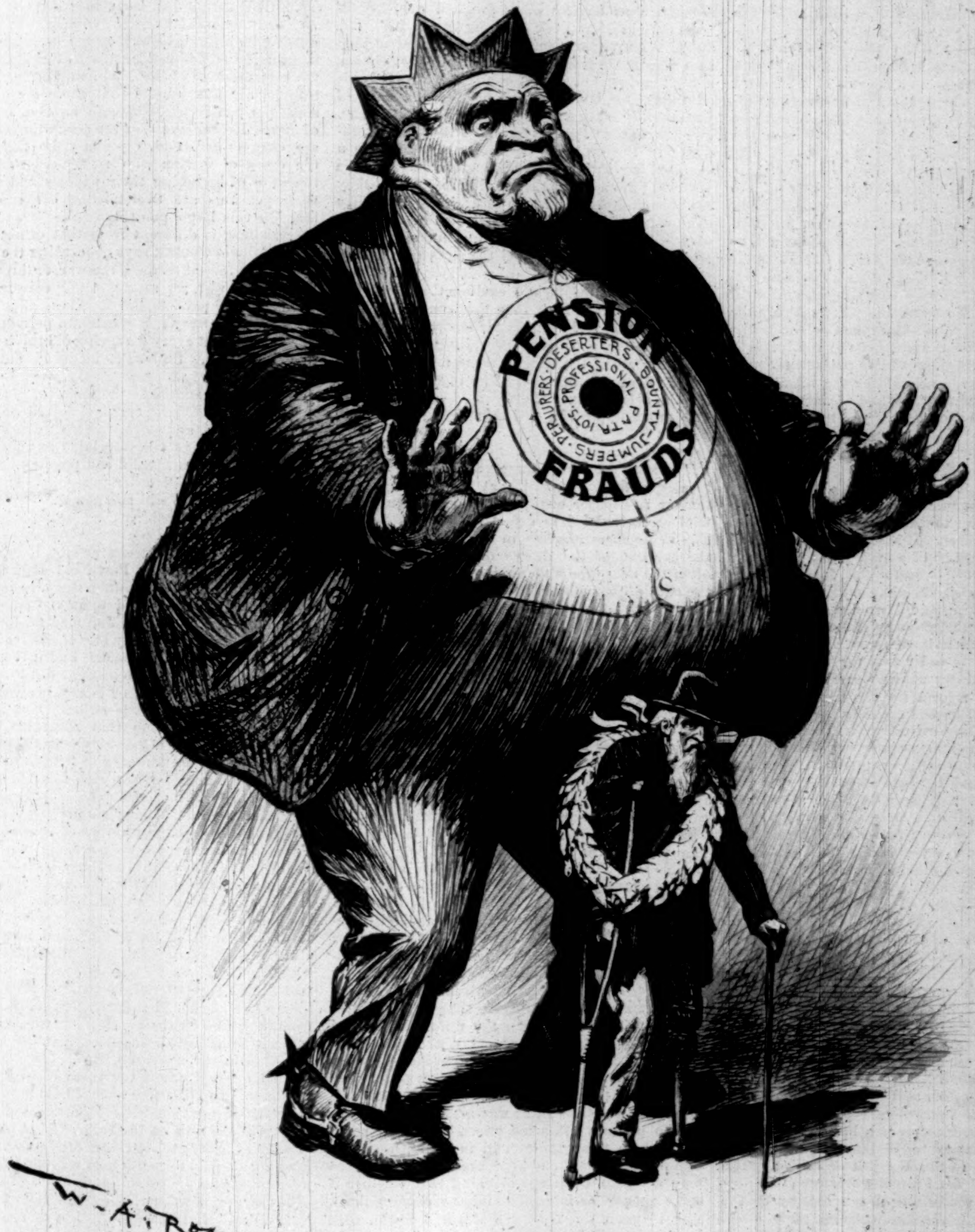

PENSION FRAUDS
DESERTERS
BOUNTY-JUMPERS
PROFESSIONAL PATRIOTS
PERJURERS
W. A. Rogers.

"DON'T SHOOT! YOU MIGHT HIT THE OLD VETERAN!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

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SENATOR LINDSAY'S reply to the Kentucky Legislature was an excellent one—a good deal better and more to his credit than his vote for the Teller resolution. He declines to surrender his commission as Senator at the dictation of the silver Democrats of his State because he is not only a Senator from his State, but a Senator of the United States, and that "when great public questions affecting alike every portion of the Union are to be acted upon, they are to be considered from the stand-point of the broadest patriotism."

The effort of the Republican members of the New York Legislature to discipline Senator Murphy for his vote in favor of the Teller bill by a resolution of censure is an amusing rather than a serious incident in politics. As Mr. Perry Belmont has pointed out, Mr. McKinley's record is no better than Mr. Murphy's on this subject, and until Bryan captured the Democratic party entirely the Republican party was no better than the Democratic party. Even now the author of the resolution is an old-time Republican, and its passage through the Senate was made possible by the votes in its favor of former Republicans, and of men who still claim to be members of the party. Silence on the part of politicians about records would indicate the attainment of a much-needed capacity to recognize frankly the facts of the situation.

We regret to hear that Speaker Reed is suspected of an inclination to decline two responsibilities and two opportunities. It is said that he will not insist upon the passage of a money bill. He may not be altogether to blame for this, for it has been stated that he cannot compel the Republican majority of the Banking and Currency Committee to report a bill, nor the majority of his party in the House to pass one if it be reported. If this be true, however, it is sad news, for failure to act will leave the country with no party pledged definitely to money reform for the next campaign. Such inaction will be bad not only for the Republican party, but also for the Speaker, because, after his last exhibition of power over the House, it will be difficult to convince the country that he cannot compel a report and a debate at least. If we cannot have action, let us have talk. If we cannot have a law, let us have at least the enlightenment that comes from discussion. It is also said that Mr. Reed is about to abandon his opposition to the annexation of Hawaii, and in response to pressure from his party in and out of the House, he is ready to permit the passage of an annexation bill if the treaty fails in the Senate. If both these rumors turn out to be true, the country will lose the only Republican leader who has of late seemed to be thinking seriously of the public welfare, and acting strenuously for its maintenance.

The trial of Zola in France is important mainly for what may result from it. In essence the struggle is between a few Frenchmen, with Zola at their head, who believe that individual rights ought to be respected, and the old system which so often makes the pretended republican form of government of France seem a hollow sham—the system which protects officialism against the accusations of private citizens, just or unjust. The whole energy of the French government is now directed to the protection of the secrecy of the trial of Dreyfus. Whatever the military officers determined in that trial must remain inviolate, and no one is to be permitted to question either the secrecy of the proceedings or their consequences, no matter what new evidence may have come to light. In order to protect officialism, the heads of the French government are endangering the safety of the republic; for though the Paris crowd is apparently with the government and the army, the agitation for the right of the individual against the wrong-doing of an official must eventually greatly increase the numbers of the socialists. Jaures is already triumphing. As to the fear professed by the government that the revelation of the evidence on which Dreyfus was convicted would endanger the national safety, we are inclined to think with M. Laborie, Zola's counsel, that "the allegation that the matter under discussion is connected with state secrets and the national defence is a mere jest." Apparently, at the most, a Russian would be revealed as the foreign trader in French secrets; but from such a revelation the essential unnaturalness of the recent treaty is likely to occur to the people who have as yet gained nothing from it.

There are several things to commend in the conduct of Judge Woodward, who is presiding at the trial of Sheriff Martin and his deputies for the shooting of the striking miners at Hazleton. Judging entirely from the newspaper reports, we should say that Judge Woodward's conduct recalls the past days of the bench, and those judges whom the elder lawyers of the bar in this State remember as having once presided over criminal trials in New York with dignity and ability. Judge Woodward seems to have secured a jury in a reasonable time, and it is evident that he has a high respect not only for the law which he is administering, but for the proprieties of a court of justice and for the sanctity of judicial proceedings. He has notified the lawyers that they cannot indulge in the ordinary squabbles of the modern criminal bar in his presence, and he has told the writers of anonymous threatening letters that they are "scoundrels" and "cowards," and that they cannot intimidate him. He has also taken notice of the exaggerated reports in some sensational newspapers, and has notified the reporters of those papers that if the offences of which they have been guilty are repeated, he will exclude them from the court-room. It is high time that something were done to put an end to improper reports of criminal trials. After a bad but prevailing fashion, the daily reports of the trial in some newspapers are attacks upon the accused. The reporters are trying the defendants. The newspaper try the case. The gross impropriety of this does not seem to occur to the writer of the reports or to the publishers of the newspaper, but every properly instructed lawyer knows that such improprieties are insults to the court, and that they and the customary newspaper exaggeration of incidents of a trial are calculated to defeat the ends of justice. The newspapers are free in their denunciation of the bar and of the delays of the law, but very often the newspapers themselves do more to defeat the ends of justice than they are aware of.

The incident which has embroiled the Spanish minister, Dupuy de Lome, with the administration at Washington is greatly to be regretted. By his offensive letter Minister de Lome has given the President and the country just cause of offence. It is true that the letter was private, that it was stolen from the desk of Señor Canalejas, and that the propriety of its publication by American newspapers, under such circumstances, is more than doubtful. Still, it is the fashion, in the open market of democracy, to respect no secrets, even when self-repression seems a patriotic duty. The letter was a private one, as the friends of the Spanish minister take pains to point out; but the trouble with this contention is that a minister to a foreign country is presumed not to believe that the head of the government to which he is accredited is "a coarse and low politician, weak and catering to the rabble." The letter appears on another page of the Weekly. The great pity of the incident is that it adds fuel to the mutual ill-feeling that exists in the United States and Spain. Senators Mason and Cannon spoke the glee of the Jingoes of this country when the unfortunate letter first made its appearance, and Weyler and his friends in Spain are doubtless delighted that the governments of the two countries are at last embroiled in a personal controversy. Of course the thief who stole the letter was actuated by the desire to produce the same effect. Now all patriots, both in this country and in Spain, have one common sentiment and hope, and that is that peace may come to Cuba speedily, but that whether it come sooner or later, that it may come without war between the United States and Spain. De Lome's letter, now that it is made public, may be one of the causes that will eventually disappoint this hope; but de Lome's letter is infinitely less vicious, less malicious, less brutal, and much less vulgar than Senator Mason's speech which was made on the day the letter first saw the light, and in which the Illinois Senator denounces Spain as without honor, Weyler as a butcher, Blanco as a bribe-giver. Mason and the other Senators who indulge thus in abuse of Spain make Sagasta's position all the more difficult, and a peaceful solution of the difficulty problematical. The situation is very grave, and if war comes out of it, the people of the two countries, who will bear the burden and pay the cost of war in life and treasure, will have the mouthing Jingoes of the United States and an indiscreet Spanish minister and the mediæval reactionaries of Spain to blame for the outcome. Aside from the writing of this unfortunate letter, which was never intended to reach the public, de Lome has been a good minister, while his presence has helped to make for the peace which we believe that the responsible heads of the two governments really desire; but a minister cannot remain in a country whose head he has insulted, and, on our part, it seems that no consideration of patriotic duty or responsibility will restrain our Jingoes. Peace between the United States and Spain is apparently at the mercy of the reckless, the foolish, and the brutal elements of the two countries.

THE PENSION LIST.

THE Weekly has been in receipt of several courteous and moderate communications concerning its attitude as to the pension list. One of them is from Colonel James A. Crozer, who is the commandant of the Michigan Soldiers' Home. Colonel Crozer admits that there are probably some pension frauds, although he does not know of any. He believes that the accusations of fraud are exaggerated, and, especially, he thinks that the cases of women who marry old soldiers for the sake of becoming their widows and drawing their pensions are overstated. We can assure him, on this latter point, that the experience of other homes is different from that of his. With what Colonel Crozer says concerning the soldiers who really fought through the war, or through any part of the war, we most heartily concur. They were not only patriots, but their hardships and sufferings led, in very many cases, to permanent ills. We believe that every deserving old soldier should have a pension. So long as he did his duty bravely and honorably to the country, we are not only willing that he should be the recipient of the country's bounty during his life, but we believe that the country should and does esteem it a privilege to make his last days as comfortable and pleasant as the last days of an invalid can possibly be.

We have received other respectful communications, coming from old soldiers who are as interested as we are in making the pension list a roll of honor. We have also received one communication of quite a different character. It is a resolution adopted by Lincoln Post No. 1, Department of Kansas, G.A.R. It is unnecessary to recite this resolution. It was spread upon the pages of the *Congressional Record* of January 27, by Senator Harris of Kansas, and any one of our readers who is interested in the matter can find it there. The attempt of the people who instigated it was to have it appear that the Weekly is making war on the veterans. This attempt is as honest as the statement in the resolution that Harper's Weekly during the war was a "disloyal sheet."

For the information of our friends among the real soldiers, however, we wish to state precisely why we believe that the pension list needs purging. In the first place, let us repeat that we are sure that a very large number of pensions are deserved, and so far as they are deserved we are sincerely in favor of paying them, even if payment involves an increase of the public debt. But what are the reasons for believing that the government has pensioned hundreds of people who are fraudulent recipients of its bounty, and how has the presumption been created that the list is tainted with fraud? In the first place, it will be recollected that James A. Garfield stated in 1873 that the high-water mark had then been reached, and that from that time on the pension list would decrease. It must be admitted, therefore, that the enormous increases in the number of pensioners and in the annual appropriations for them since 1873 cause suspicion. In 1873 there were 238,411 pensioners on the rolls. Since then 321,485 pensioners have died, and there are now on the rolls 976,014 pensioners, of whom 733,527 are survivors of the war. In 1873 the amount paid to pensioners was $26,502,529, and now the annual appropriation is about $140,000,000.

There are now carried on the rolls 6405 more "survivors" than there are living survivors of the war. How is this consistent with the theory that the pension roll is entirely a roll of honor of veterans and their dependents? We are sure that candid men will agree with us that, on the contrary, this fact alone pardons suspicion; but, beyond this, it is within the knowledge of all men that the securing of pensions and of the passage of pension laws has been promoted by a set of men who are properly described as pension sharks.

Sometimes these men cheat the old soldier, and sometimes they cheat the government. It has been well established in many cases that they have secured pensions for bounty-jumpers; for deserters; for men who never went into the war; for women who pretend to be widows of old soldiers to whom they never were married, or whom they married for the pension only. There are a hundred ways for the commission of pension frauds, and these sharks have taken advantage of every one of their opportunities. Some of them are now in jail for the frauds they have committed upon the government; many of them have been disbarred from practising before the Pension Bureau. When an applicant for a pension fails to prove that he comes within the provisions of the general laws, he usually applies to Congress for a special act. It is known that many of these special acts grant pensions to unworthy persons. A great many fraudulent bills have been vetoed. Many that have finally passed into law ought to have been vetoed. In one short special session of Congress, during Mr. **Cleveland**'s first term, nearly 450 special pension bills were sent to him for approval, having passed both Houses of Congress, and 111 were pending in Congress when the President called the attention of the legislative branch of the government to its pension industry.

During the same session, to give an illustration of the reasons which lead to suspicion of the roll, some fifteen pension bills were vetoed by Mr. **Cleveland**, and reported back to the Senate by Senator **Blair**, with the recommendation that they pass notwithstanding the veto of the President. It was then ascertained that Mr. **Blair** did not have the authority of the Committee on Invalid Pensions to make this recommendation, and that the bills and the veto messages had not been presented to the committee. In other words, it was shown in open Senate that Mr. **Blair** had been guilty of fraud upon the committee, and had attempted a fraud upon the Senate. Nevertheless, later in the session, Mr. **Blair**, with the consent of the committee, reported the bills again, and again recommended their passage.

On January 25 of this year Pension-Commissioner **Evans** wrote a letter to Senator **Gallinger** on the subject of claims for increase of pensions. It should be stated that there are now something over 650,000 claims pending before the Bureau of Pensions, 450,000 of which are claims for increase of pensions. Commissioner **Evans** says that it is the experience of the bureau "that a considerable per cent. of the claimants, so soon as they get their certificates of allowance of pensions, file an application for increase, and set the machinery in motion to have that increase claim given preference over claims for pension that have been on file pending from one to seven or more years." That more fraudulent than honest attempts to secure pensions are made is shown in this very letter of Commissioner **Evans**. For the years 1894, '95, and '96 sixty-eight per cent. of the claims for original pensions under the general law were fraudulent. For the same years fifty-six per cent. of the claims for pensions under the law of 1890 were fraudulent. For the same years sixty-eight per cent. of the demands for increase of pensions under the general law were fraudulent, as were eighty per cent. of the claims for increase under the law of 1890. These are a few of the reasons why the friends of the old soldier believe that the pension agents and complaisant or self-seeking Congressmen are making him the unwilling associate of fraudulent mendicants.

General **Slocum**, whose loyalty to the old soldier no one ever doubted, said many years ago that he believed that the tendency of the constant demand for pensions and increase of pensions would be "to lessen the esteem and affection which our people have always felt for the veterans of the late war.... There is great danger," he continued, "if we allow the pension-claim agents to represent the soldiers as a body of cormorants who are discontented with what they have received, that sooner or later we shall kill the goose that lays the golden egg. At the rate pensions are now being granted, the claim agents are in receipt of $3,500,000 per year." We are insisting that the pension list shall be purged for the same reason that moved General **Slocum** to utter this warning. It is time that the character of the pension-roll should be restored, and that it should become once more a roll of honor. In the effort to secure such an end, veterans and their friends should unite, and so far as the **Weekly** is concerned it will continue to do what it considers to be its duty to the country and to the old soldier, and it will not be deterred by the efforts of pension agents, bounty-jumpers, and deserters, and their allies the politicians, to make it appear that in endeavoring to cleanse the roll of fraud we are hostile to the old soldier. When the old soldier comes to realize the use that is now being made of him by men who would be injured by the disclosure of pension frauds, he will be grateful to those who are trying to get him out of bad company.

IMPENDING DANGERS.

BY CARL SCHURZ.

A NOTE of alarm was recently sounded in a speech delivered in Baltimore by Senator **Thurston** of Nebraska, who believes "that the Republican party is in danger of losing the next Congress." The reason of his fear is that "the allied fusion forces of free silver, socialism, lawlessness, and anarchy are endeavoring to so falsely state the premises and frame the issues as to array every man without a dollar against every man with a dollar." To avert this danger Mr. **Thurston** thinks that the Republican party "must have the courage, by adequate legislation, by uncompromising policy, by vigorous prosecution, to maintain all the rights and protect all the just privileges of all the citizens of this republic; it must stand eternally against all unlawful combination and unjust exaction of aggregated capital and corporate power; it must smite with the mailed hand of law every combination formed to artificially decrease the wages of labor or increase the prices of the necessaries of life; and if it use injunction against boycotts and unlawful assemblages, it must not hesitate to use injunction against monopolies and trusts." And then Mr. **Thurston** farther advises that all attempts at legislation touching our monetary system or banking facilities be carefully avoided.

Mr. **Thurston** is undoubtedly right in one respect—the danger that the Republican party will lose the next Congress really exists. The Republican leaders feel it in their bones. Mr. **Thurston** has also the right instinct as to one of the things which create the danger he speaks of. It is the constantly growing impression that the Republican party is becoming more and more the servant of the "aggregated capital," of the "corporate power," of the "monopolies and trusts," against identification with which Mr. **Thurston** raises his warning voice—in short, a servant of what a great many people have in mind when they vaguely speak of the "grasping money power." But if Mr. **Thurston**'s hopes of salvation depend only upon the chance that the Republicans in Congress will speedily dispel that impression by passing effective laws against trusts, and the illegitimate use of injunctions, and so on, he is doomed to grievous disappointments. It is no doubt difficult for a Republican partisan, who has for many years been accustomed to shout for high protection as the only source of national prosperity, to recognize that high protection is, not indeed altogether, but to a very great extent, responsible for what Mr. **Thurston** complains of, and that so long as the Republican party continues to be the champion of high protection, it will inevitably be compelled to do many things which will, justly or unjustly, subject it to the charge of playing into the hands of that same oppressive money power. But so it is.

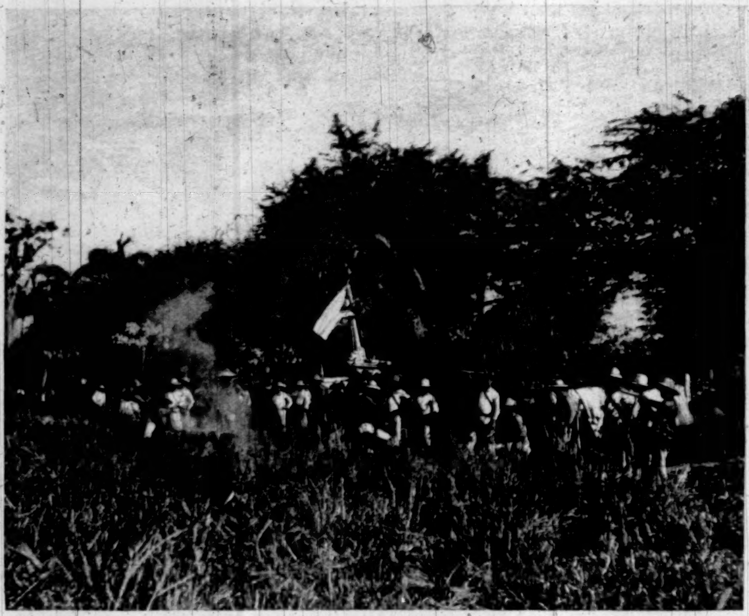
The real strength of the Republican party, and its hopes of future success, depend upon the support it receives from the conservative sentiment of the country, which at present regards it as the only organized power capable of saving the republic from repudiation, bankruptcy, and dishonor. Now every clear-headed Republican acknowledges the fact that in the last Presidential election the Republicans could not have won without the active assistance of voters not belonging to the Republican organization—voters who were not in favor of protection, and who supported the Republican candidates only because they saw no other way to avert a great public calamity. There is no reason for thinking that in the Congressional elections before us, and in the Presidential election to follow, outside support will not be needed, at least as much as it was in 1896. It is equally well understood that a great many of those outside supporters became much displeased with the Republican party after they had helped it into power, partly on account of the preference given by it to the tariff over the money question, partly on account of the unwillingness of the Republicans in Congress to advance the cause of sound money and good banking by positive legislation, and partly on account of the conduct of the party in other respects. Nothing could be more evident than that, in order to bring about the necessary junction of forces again, the same motives must be appealed to that proved so potent in 1896; in other words, the Republican party must put itself in a situation in which it can with effect call for active co-operation to a common end upon the sound-money men outside of its ranks.

Whoever is acquainted with the current of feeling among the independent voters knows that while a great many of them would, in spite of their disappointments, still stand by the Republican party so long as it is the only bulwark against Bryanism, a not inconsiderable number are rather inclined to think that the Republican party needs a sound beating, at least at the Congressional elections, to put it in a proper state of mind for future action. This may appear illogical, but the reasoning of choler is but seldom governed by the strict rules of logic. Especially are those persons disinclined to help in re-electing Republican members of Congress who opposed every forward step in sound-money legislation for fear of displeasing some weak brothers among their constituents. To the independent sound-money man nothing is more repulsive than this sort of political cowardice. To recover anything like the outside support it had in 1896 the Republican party will have to manifest its earnestness of purpose as to the sound-money cause by taking a decided step beyond the mere negative vote by which it defeated the **Teller** resolution in the House of Representatives. It must do just the contrary of what Mr. **Thurston** advises it to do. It must not let the money question alone at a time when the money question will not let it alone. It must adopt a positive policy like that proposed by the monetary commission; it must raise a visible standard, no matter whether immediate success be in prospect or not. President **McKinley** never spoke a wiser word than when, in a recent speech, he appealed to his party at least to try to do its duty, even if failure threatened, and thus to demonstrate its good faith and courage. Only with such a standard boldly raised can it expect men who are not impelled by partisan motives to rally to its support with spirit. Only thus can it hope to save itself at the present juncture.

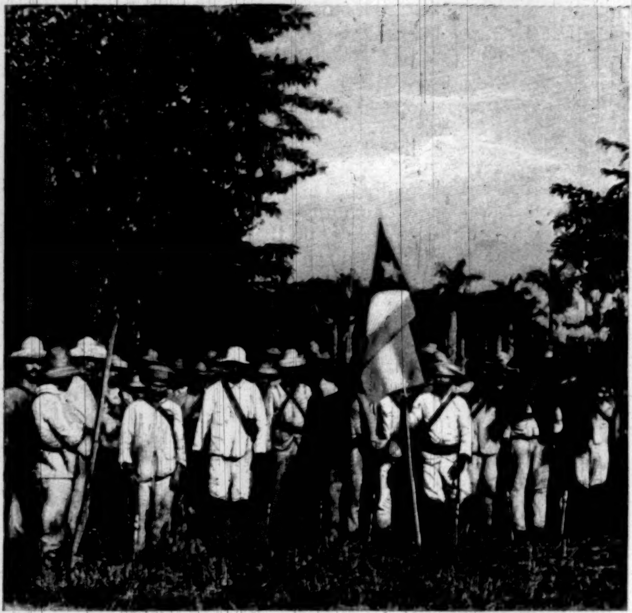
There is another danger to the Republican party, which Mr. **Thurston** did not mention. It is the disintegration of the party caused by the offensive character of machine politics and boss rule in it. Senator **Thurston** gave the benefit of his eloquence to the **Platt** machine in our municipal campaign last autumn, and predicted that, if the Republican machine candidate for Mayor were defeated, this generation would not see the election of another Republican President. It is not intended here to twit him with his prophecy, but he may live to acknowledge the fact that had the independent candidate been elected, and the Republican machine with its boss been buried beyond the hope of resurrection, the Republican party of this great State would be in a very much sounder and more hopeful condition than it now is. The Democracy of New York, Tammany-ridden, burdened with the Chicago platform, and torn by faction broils, still has one, and only one, hope of success—and that hope is not unfounded. It rests upon the disgust created and the animosities excited by Boss **Platt** and his henchmen. Whether the attempt at organized revolt now going on inside of the party produce any permanent results or not, the very existence of that boss and his machine will cost the party thousands of Republican votes, as well as many other thousands that would otherwise have gone to it. In the same way Boss **Quay** is gradually ruining his party in Pennsylvania, as Boss **Gorman** has ruined his in Maryland.

It is much to be deplored that President **McKinley**, to so great an extent, surrenders to the Senatorial bosses the Federal patronage in their respective States; for by almost every one of the appointments so made he weakens the moral strength of the Republican party and undermines his own popularity, which might be of great value to the sound-money cause. Those who say that this is "good politics" in a personal sense, inasmuch as the favor of the bosses would insure his renomination, while, owing to the silver madness of the Democrats, the election would take care of itself, impute to him a motive which it would be unfair to admit, and a lack of political foresight scarcely creditable. For it is by no means certain that those bosses will, two years hence, still be strong enough to name the delegations of their States to the national convention, while it is exceedingly probable that the next Presidential election will be a very close one, and may be decided by comparatively slight causes, such as the feeling against those very bosses. Such causes may not prevail with men who carefully weigh the consequences of their acts; but experience teaches that many people, when disgusted with the party to which they had given their votes, are, by their desire to punish it, often blinded as to the worse failings of the opposite party.

These warnings are prompted not by a carping spirit, but by an anxious wish that the Republican party will preserve its strength for the service it may again have to render.



REGIMENT PANCHITO GOMEZ, FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE CUBAN GOVERNMENT.



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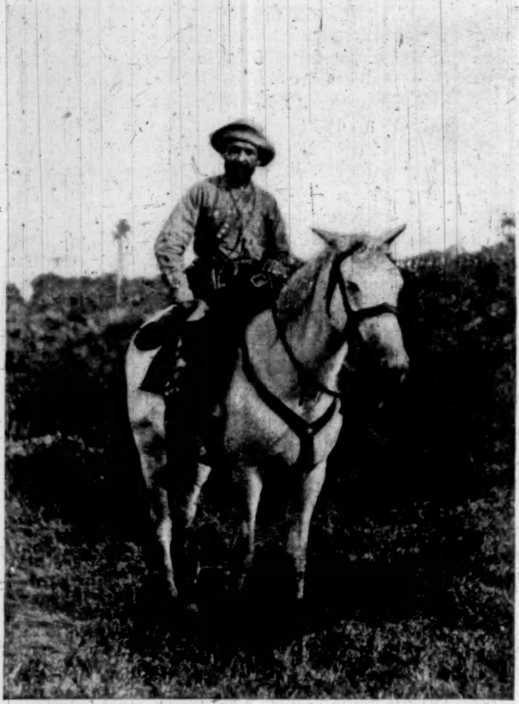
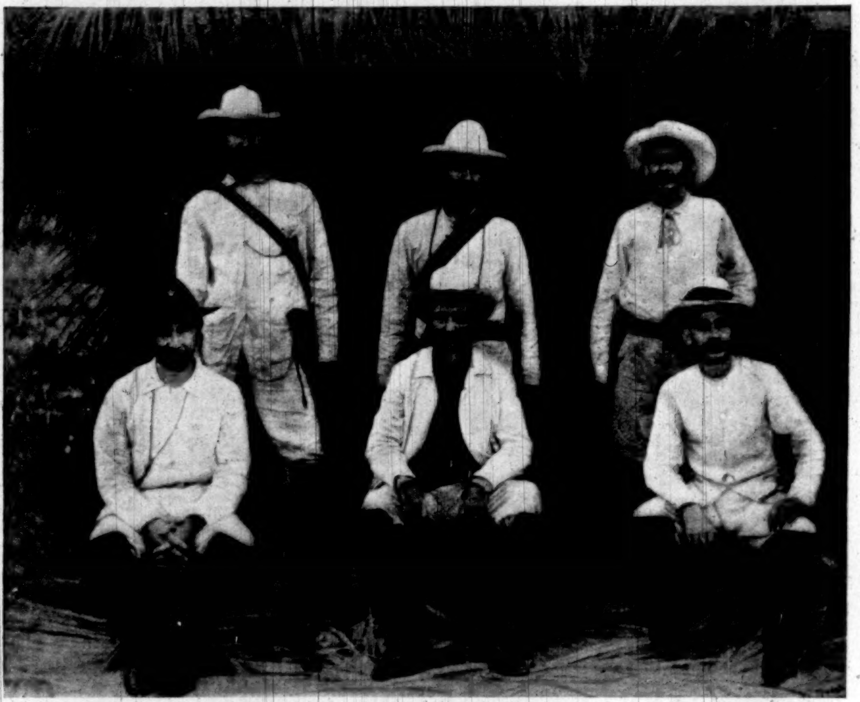
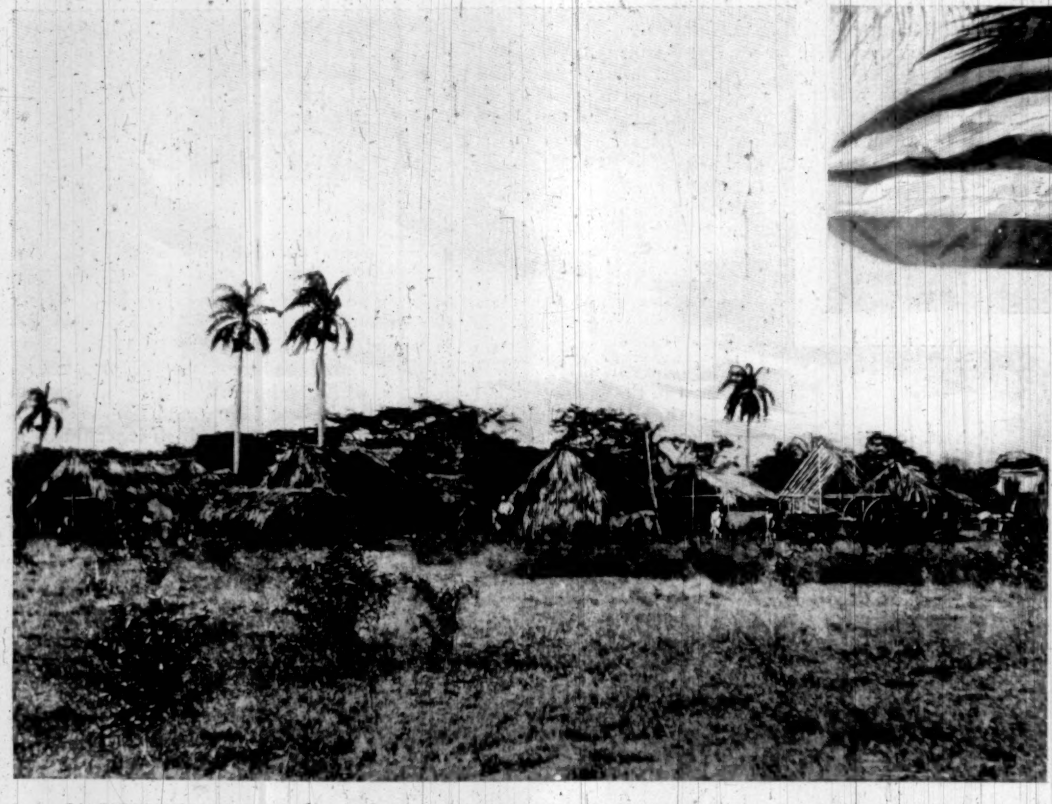


CAPTAIN PARDO, IN CHARGE OF CORRESPONDENCE GOING THROUGH THE TROCHA.

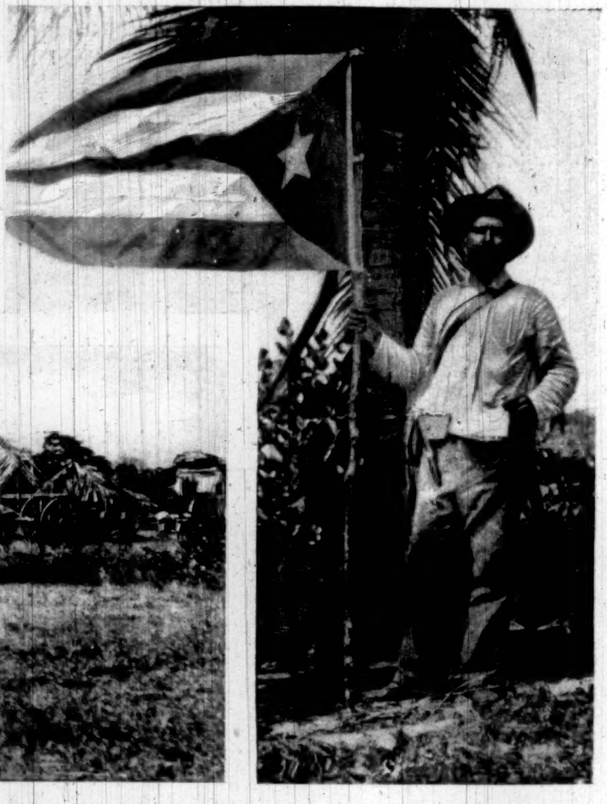


Ernesto Fons Sterling, Secretary of Treasury. Andrés Moreno de la Torre, Secretary of Foreign Affairs. José B. Aleman, Secretary of War.
Vice-President Mendez Capote. President Bartolomé Masó. Manuel Ramon Silva, Secretary of Interior.

THE EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT OF THE CUBAN GOVERNMENT.



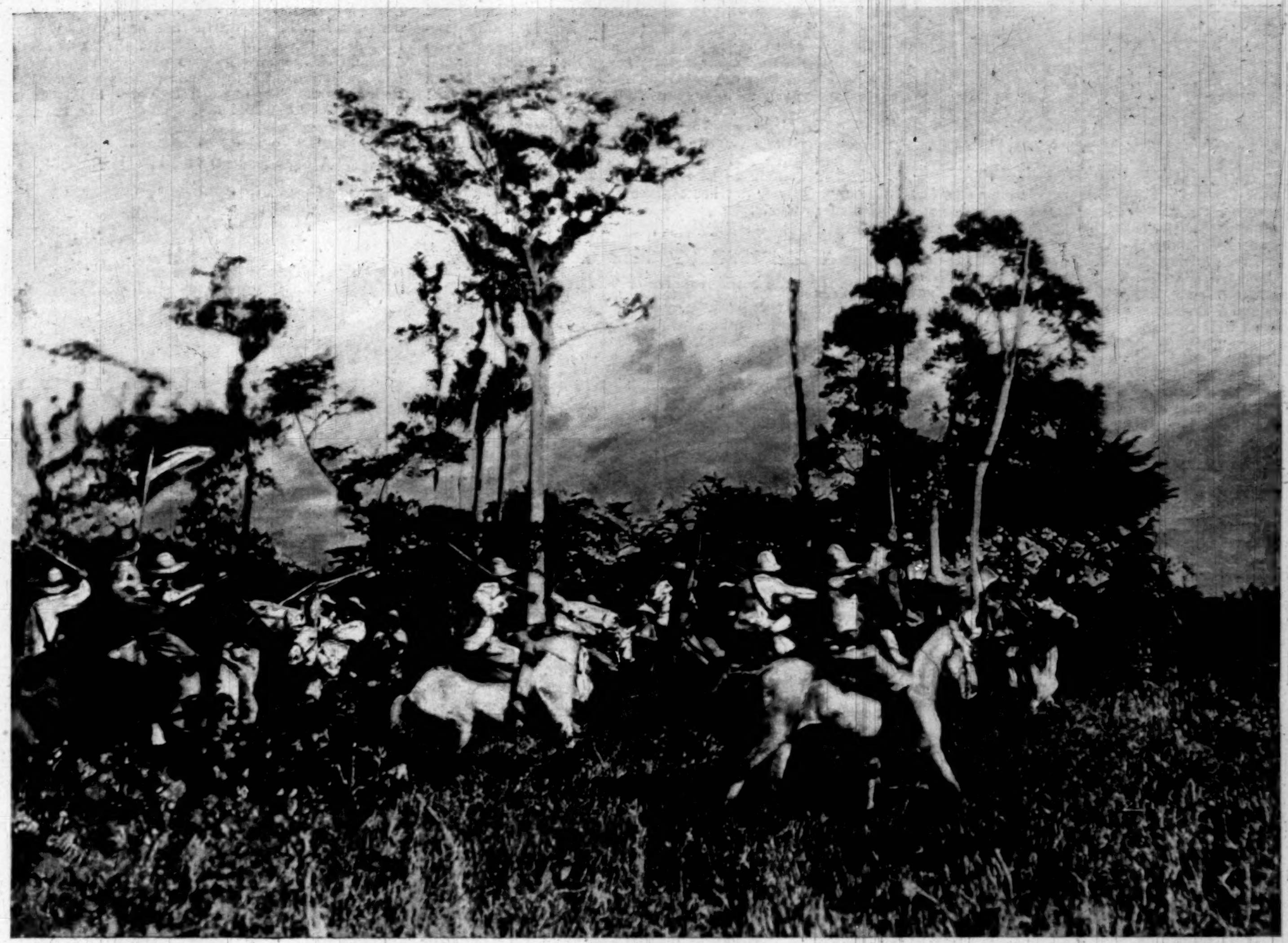
LA ESPERANZA, SEAT OF THE CUBAN GOVERNMENT—ABOUT EIGHTEEN MILES FROM PUERTO PRINCIPE.



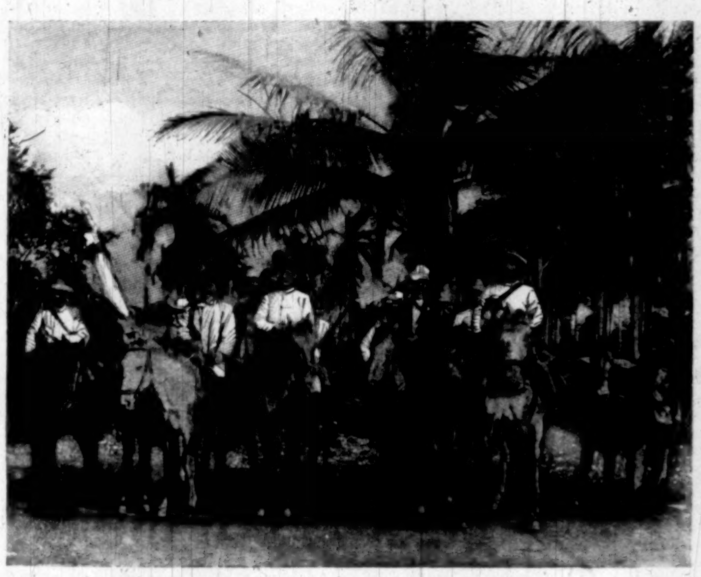
COLOR-BEARER.

LA ESPERANZA—THE CAPITAL OF THE CUBAN GOVERNMENT.

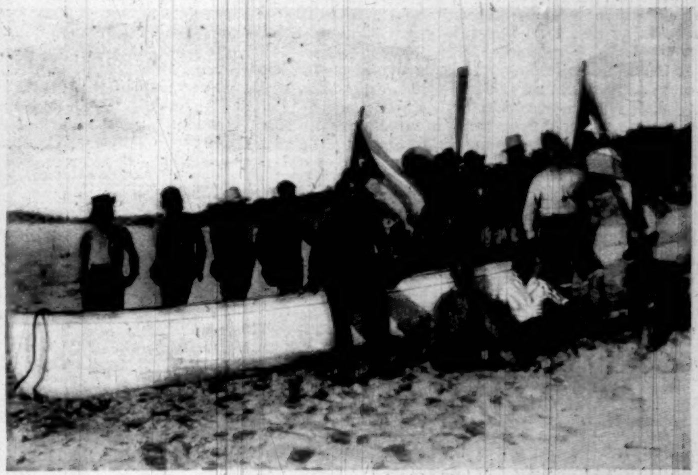
From Photographs by F. D. Pagliuchi, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly."—[See Page 174.]



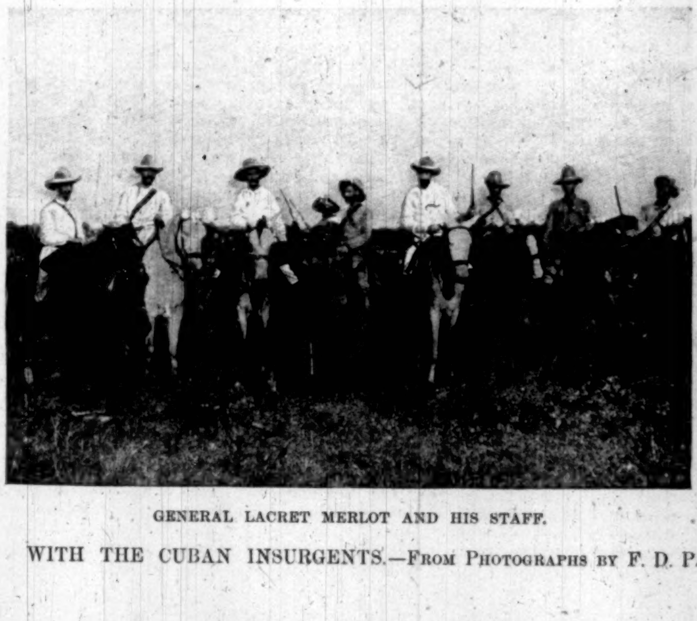
CUBAN CAVALRY CHARGING SPANISH GUERILLAS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF PUERTO PRINCIPE.



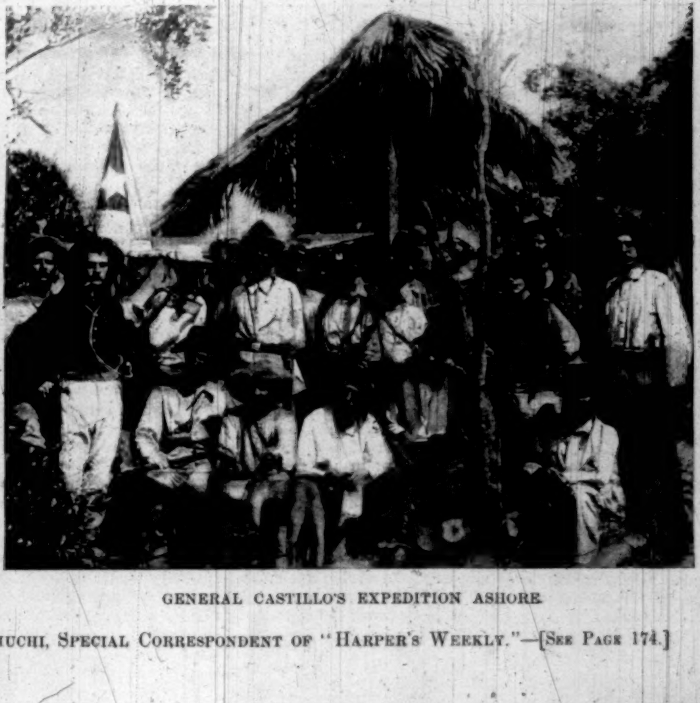
BRIGADIER-GENERAL JUAQUIN CASTILLO AND HIS STAFF.



THE LANDING OF GENERAL CASTILLO'S EXPEDITION IN CUBA.



GENERAL LACRET MERLOT AND HIS STAFF.



GENERAL CASTILLO'S EXPEDITION ASHORE.

WITH THE CUBAN INSURGENTS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. D. PAGLIUCHI, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 174.]

LIFE AND LETTERS

One of the penalties of primacy in any sort is that people who recognize it are apt to add years, if not decades, of unmerited age to the date of the person who enjoys an indisputable distinction. I have just read, for instance, a very friendly criticism of Mr. E. C. Stedman's *Poems now first Collected*, which, in hailing him greatest of our surviving poets, brevets him fellow-singer of Lowell, Holmes and Whittier, associates him with them in point of time as well as eternity, and makes him respectively seventy-seven, eighty-eight and ninety years old. He is really, however, only in his early sixties, one of the prettiest periods of adolescence, as I happen to know, who come halting a little after him in birthdays, and find the constructive gift of ten or twenty more of them than I have seen, an embarrassment of riches.

My contemporaneity with Mr. Stedman enables me to fix his date a little more accurately than the admirer, whom I would not otherwise dispute, unless it should be to suggest the poet's rather important difference from the great New England group in certain essentials. He is a New-Englander, of course, but he is not of the Bostonian New England, and he came early to New York, where he took on certain colors and qualities of the place, which he has given forth again in his poetry. He is, decidedly more than any one else, a New York poet, if New York cares for the fact, or indeed for anything but money; and if Fame should ever have leisure again, as she seemed once to have, for the classification of celebrities, I think she will make his name stand for this city. I do not mean in any gross or sprawling sort, æsthetically commensurate with her ungainly dimensions of length, narrowness and thinness, but in a fine psychical fashion. He has caught the spirit of the place, and has mused it forth again richly and sweetly, as no one else has done, that I now think of. Her harsh and panting breath has struck across the chords of his fancy, and transmuted itself to music that New York would never have dreamt she had in her, and knows too little that she has inspired, though I should like to prophesy that she will yet know it more fully, and renown her poet as she ought.

One finds strains of this music in his latest song-book, as one finds them in all his earlier ones, and there is often a note of the gayety which is temperamental, no doubt, and yet seems environmental, too, if I may be suffered the word. At least it would not have been by living in Boston that he would have struck that note which he has struck here time and again ever since he began to sing. I do not forget Dr. Holmes and his gayety; but that was something personal, something academic, something a little self-deprecating, and quite different from the freedom with which Mr. Stedman releases himself to his fun in a place so large and loud that it will not mind what he is doing.

I try to suggest a feeling which my words are too loose a fit for; and I do not care to insist, in the presence of the beautiful seriousness and the high significance of many poems in this volume, upon what is merely environmental and only partially temperamental. Till I went through them here, and renewed my pleasure in them, I did not realize how many of them I had known before, and how long it had been since Mr. Stedman had put together a book of verse. Now that the book is in the hands of all his lovers, they must know its range, from The Hand of Lincoln and The Old Picture-Dealer, through the ballads of The Dutch Patrol and Huntington House, and the fine commemoration odes, to the "carols free and bold" of the Carib Sea. They may, or they may not, agree with me that where he is most lyrical he is best; but I think we cannot dispute about the sort of lusty vigor in his ballads which makes the heart beat and glow as all true songs do.

They have a lilt, they have a go, which puts one in mind of Mr. Kipling's sturdy marches; but one must remember that they had it ten or twenty years earlier. I think any one will feel it in the Carib ballad of the buccaneer Morgan, and in that strong poem, Panama; but the last of these has another charm which seems to me as altogether Mr. Stedman's own as that gayety of his New York verse. It comes, as nearly as I can say it, from a true and penetrating historic sense aglow with humanity.

> "There's a heretic to singe to-day—
> Come out! Come out!" still strive to say
> The Bells of Panama—

are lines that flash a whole black period of the past into sight, at the end of a poem that expresses all that words could convey of modern dilapidation and decay.

Most of the pieces are of ten, twelve, fifteen years ago; but there are others of later date; and it is good to see how the poet keeps one youth in all. The only pity is that there should be little or nothing less than five years old; but perhaps he is letting some recenter things mellow in his portfolio. I hope he will not keep them so long that when he next prints he will be ranged with the poets who went before Lowell, Holmes, and Whittier, if there were any; and I think I may be forgiven the chronological insistence if I return to the question of his epoch.

He was certainly the contemporary of the poets named, but he was of the period of Bayard Taylor, of Mr. R. H. Stoddard, and of Mr. T. B. Aldrich, and he was of the tendency in our literature to break New England bounds. When his verse began to make him known he was one of the group formed by these poets, together with Fitz-James O'Brien, Fitzhugh Ludlow, Mr. William Winter and others, who loved literature and lived by journalism in New York. It was not a very compact body, and it did not express a civilization, as the great New England group did, but it was the beginning of an era, and that was the end of an era. Its work was united to that of an earlier time by the gentle art of George William Curtis, who in date and culture and sympathy was a natural bond between the older and the newer periods. The Knickerbocker school of New York literature was quite extinct, but the impulse to something American had been given in the commercial metropolis by Putnam's Magazine, and it continued through the recognition which the Atlantic Monthly wisely offered to letters everywhere. Many of the group to which Mr. Stedman belonged are gone; but that does not push him into the past, and I hope yet to read him a quarter of a century before he is ninety. By that time I shall be—

But it is a vice to keep talking of one's age, and there is nothing in Mr. Stedman's book to make me think of mine, unless it is that note of gayety, of something Elizabethan in its hearty mood, that distinctly antedates our war-time, and has somehow got lost out of so much modern music.

W. D. Howells.

A GLIMPSE OF THE CUBAN WAR.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

After two months' stay on the island of Cuba, and after what I have seen and heard, I am able to state positively that Spain has lost forever the control of the Pearl of the Antilles.

Before going to the island I had made up my mind that I would have to go through great hardships and privations, but, once there, I found myself happily disappointed.

I found the cavalry well mounted, the infantry well armed and well trained; the only thing that they were in need of was clothes, and fortunately, owing to the mildness of the climate, that was not so great an evil after all. I travelled for twenty-one days in going to the seat of the Cuban government, and not once were we molested by the Spaniards, nor were we even obliged to change our route on account of the presence of the enemy, which I found conspicuous by its absence.

Every morning we enjoyed the luxury of plenty of fresh milk, and our food was always plentiful and of the best quality, consisting of beef, pork, mutton, cassava bread, sweet-potatoes, plantains, cheese, honey, coffee, etc. To give my readers an idea of what limited control the Spaniards have of the island, I can state that we camped at a ranch about ten miles from the capital of the province of Camaguey—Puerto Principe, a city garrisoned with 70,000 Spanish soldiers—without feeling obliged to set a guard at night.

In this province I saw a great number of cattle, the finest and fattest cattle I have ever seen; and when one considers that the Spaniards are obliged to import beef cattle not only in Havana, but also in this province, or rather in their only two strongholds, Nuevitas and Puerto Principe, one can easily see that their power is very weak.

The Cuban government I found to be working with just the same routine as any well-recognized government. Major-General Bartolomé Masó, the President of the Cuban republic, impressed me as being a very conscientious, energetic, and intelligent man, and, above all things, a great patriot, and one who has the reputation of being one of the most honest men on the island. He was born in Manzanillo in 1834, and took part in the insurrection of 1868. On the 24th of February, 1895, he left Manzanillo, and has been in the field ever since. He was elected Vice-President of the Cuban republic on September 18, 1895, and elected President October 29, 1897.

The Vice-President, Mendez Capote, is also an exceedingly bright and clever man, and is a great diplomat. He has the rank of Brigadier-General, and was born in Cardenas, in the province of Matanzas. He holds the degrees of LL.D. and Ph.D. from the University of Havana, and is secretary of the Spanish-American Light and Power Company, Consolidated, and was counsel for the Railroads of Havana.

The members of the cabinet are also very competent and intelligent men, belonging to some of the best families of Cuba. The Secretary of War, Brigadier José B. Aleman, is a native of Santa Clara, and is thirty-four years old. He is not only a planter, but the editor and owner of *La Defensa*, a Liberal newspaper published in Santa Clara, and has served as alderman of the Santa Clara Municipal Council.

The Secretary of the Treasury, Colonel Ernesto Fons Sterling, was born in Havana. He is twenty-eight years old, a property-owner, and belongs to one of the best families on the island.

The Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Colonel Andrés Moreno de la Torre, was born in Cardenas, in the province of Matanzas. He is thirty-eight years old, and holds the degree of LL.D. He is the owner of a sugar-plantation, and is a well-known lawyer of Havana and Cardenas.

The Secretary of the Interior, Lieutenant-Colonel Manuel Ramon Silva, was born in Puerto Principe. He is thirty years old, and holds the degree of Doctor of Medicine, and is a well-known physician in Puerto Principe.

To give a practical illustration of the power of the Cuban government, I can state that while I was there a delegation of sugar-planters came up to the government to see if by paying a heavy contribution they would be allowed to grind their crop. Although the money which they offered would have come very handy to the Cuban treasury, yet, after a long deliberation, the President decided that it would be detrimental to the Cuban cause to allow the planters to grind their cane—first, because it would necessitate the employment of many people who, if in a starving condition, would swell the insurgent ranks, and second, because if the grinding were permitted the Spaniards would give it out as a proof of pacification. The President, therefore, felt himself justified in refusing their petition, and they left us with the knowledge and understanding that if they should attempt to grind, their plantations would be destroyed by the insurgent forces.

Another thing that impressed me was the good order that prevailed, and the severe discipline in the insurgent ranks.

The insurgents are well supplied with workshops where arms are repaired, and where shoes, saddles, and other supplies are manufactured for the army. There are good schools in Cuba, and a very good postal service, using the well-known Cuban stamps.

The pacificos who are in the fields supply the food for the army, and are under military supervision. Their huts are often used as hospitals.

I interviewed men of all ranks from generals to common soldiers, regarding the acceptance of *autonomy*. They all have the same idea, and they all say the same thing, that even if autonomy should be granted to them on as liberal terms as that of Canada or of Australia, they would not accept it. Cubans consider the offer of autonomy a sham, a mere device on the part of Spain to lure the insurgents into laying down their arms. They have now fought for nearly three years, and they will continue to fight, no matter how long, to gain the end which Marti and Maceo indicated to them, and they will not lay down their arms until the flag of freedom shall float from Cape Maisi to Cape San Antonio.

F. D. Pagliuchi.

A NEEDED STIPULATION.

Come all ye merry Congressmen
  And open up our doors,
Let in the lovely Islanders
  Who cluster 'bout our shores.
Take in the festive Cubas, and
  That soft Pacific spot
Where sugar grows and flourishes
  More easily than not.

Annex fair Honolulu, sirs,
  And take Havana in,
No matter what new citizens
  You thereby chance to win.
Take in the vast tobacco-fields,
  The acres broad of cane,
And let them both wax fat beneath
  Your firm benignant reign.

But make this stipulation sure
  When these twain are annexed,
By which our country as it stands
  Shall be no longer vexed,—
That Cuba builds a Senate house,
  And Sandwich builds a hall,
The one to hold our Senators,
  Where they may rant and bawl;

The other for our Congressmen,
  Who tear us daily up,
Where they may be in exile, e'en
  Though bitter be the cup.
Thus may the mainland thrive again
  As in the days of yore,
When Congressmen were statesmen and
  Not seekers after gore.

John Kendrick Bangs.

THE GREAT STORM ON CAPE ANN.

The great storm that swept the Massachusetts coast on January 31 and February 11 was terrible enough on the land. The heavy damp snow clung to every exposed surface, and its weight was further increased by the driving saturating rain, that it absorbed like a sponge. Then the temperature fell and it froze, clinging solidly where otherwise the wind might have shaken it off. With tons and tons thus added to their weight, great trees were broken down; stout telegraph and telephone poles were snapped off like reeds under a strain that defied what seemed the safest engineering calculations; and even strong posts of steel, sturdily thick, carrying trolley wires, were bent over as a Sandow might bend a slender rod.

This on the shore. Then think of the same frozen sleet encrusting the masts and rigging of vessels at sea, or even anchored in ordinarily safe, well-sheltered harbors, burdening them with great weights high in the air—as if a large portion of their cargoes had suddenly been taken from their holds and slung about their mast-heads to make them stagger and reel under the swaying of inverted pendulums!

Gloucester Harbor, the haven of "Captains Courageous," is counted one of the safest on the coast in a northeaster. It has seen terrible wreckage before, and great loss of life; but that was in the autumnal gale of twenty years ago or so, when the wind from the southwestward, sweeping across the breadth of Massachusetts Bay, piled up a big sea into the harbor—which, with a gale from that quarter, is little more than an open roadstead—and carried a fleet of fishermen from their anchorage, to be pounded to kindling-wood in the heavy surf on Pavilion Beach, at the very threshold of the city. But nothing ever seemed safer than the snug enclosure of the picturesque rock-bound harbor on that Monday evening when twilight fell, and the air was filled with dry, powdery snow that concealed the many schooners waiting to weather the storm. It is thought that perhaps the sense of security in such a place, with the wind from that quarter, led some of the fated craft not to take the precautions that they otherwise might. The frightful gale tore over the Cape Ann granite hills and pounced down into the harbor with a rage whose fury might still have been unavailing had it not been for the vastly increased surface and mass opposed to its power by the sleet-clad masts and rigging. The wind caught here as it might catch in set sails, wrenched vessels from their anchorage, and carried them to the nearest shore, to be dashed to pieces on the rocks.

So when the people of Gloucester could see through the snow on Tuesday morning they found the shores strewn with wreckage and wrecked vessels. Eight craft were driven ashore, sunk, or capsized in the harbor, a total loss, and the bodies of four men were found on the rocks. Altogether thirty vessels went ashore or sank in Gloucester Harbor and on the Rockport shore of Cape Ann. In Gloucester the water-front along the wharves was bordered by a snarl of craft of all sorts and sizes, many ashore and many barely floating. Among a dozen or more fishing-schooners that went ashore at Rocky Neck was one that was gotten off in a leaking condition and towed around to the marine railway in East Gloucester, where she was hauled up. But some blocks slipped in the night, and she slid back into the water, where she lay on her beam-ends and her stern under the wharf.

Over in Rockport, at the tip end of Cape Ann, the full force of the gale was felt. In the little toll-harbor of Pigeon Cove—a private haven where vessels come to load with granite from the great quarries near by, and where the shore is gay with visitors through the summer—three stone-laden craft went down, a schooner, a steam-lighter, and a sloop. On the sloop, the *Daniel Webster*, the crew of three men were lost. One of the men on the steam-lighter was lost, and the men from the schooner were saved by the life-boat in the harbor. The loss to shipping on Cape Ann has been estimated at $200,000.

THIS BUSY WORLD

A Liverpool despatch represents Dr. Nansen as saying that lecturing in America is as bad as exploring, and that the American style of travelling is not to his taste. Major Pond, who saw a good deal of Dr. Nansen the last fortnight he was in this country, feels constrained to disbelieve that Nansen has been truthfully reported. He says that our late visitor spoke most sweetly of everything American, and doted especially on sleeping-car berths and dining-car victuals.

Every one is counselled to disbelieve all reports of sentiments casually expressed by Dr. Nansen about this country; but if he did say that lecturing was hard work and American travelling not to his taste, that was all right; the sentiments were reasonable, and no one need apologize for them. No true sport could find overmuch pleasure in lecturing for hire at one-night stands in scattered localities.

One of the advantages of going to the north pole is that when you get back you can speak your mind freely about the country you have seen, without giving serious offence to its inhabitants. In that particular the polar region differs from the United States, and the difference is in favor of the pole.

General Armstrong is dead, but his soul, like John Brown's, goes marching on. The Armstrong Association, formed to further the work that he started at Hampton, Virginia, held its annual meeting on Lincoln's birthday (February 12), at the Madison Square Hall, in New York. Mr. William E. Dodge presided, and among the speakers were Booker T. Washington, president of the Tuskegee Institute; Dr. Frissell, General Armstrong's successor at Hampton; President Charles Cuthbert Hall, of the Union Theological Seminary; and Mr. William B. Ogden. The Hampton Quartette sung at this meeting, as it did at the Southern Song and Story entertainment, given (February 11) at the Astoria.

No one has said anything unkind of Cashier Quinlan, who made those unfortunate loans for the Chemical Bank. He has done no harm except to the bank, and the bank can stand it. The bank officers speak of him much more in sorrow than in anger. The lesson of his misfortune seems to be that two heads are better than one, and that one head which takes an annual vacation is better than one that takes none. It would be very much to the public advantage if all persons who occupy positions of trust, and who have not had a vacation within ten years, would come forward manfully and confess what it is that they have done or intend to do. And if they have not as yet committed any grave indiscretion, and are aware of no maleficent intentions, then they should indicate what particular line of error they think themselves likeliest to fall into as a consequence of impaired intellectual force.

It is permitted to wonder reverently how the trustees and session of Dr. Hall's church have managed for the last six weeks to look after their temporal concerns. Some of them have temporal concerns of considerable moment: that is notorious; but every newspaper reader must be convinced that all those trustees and deacons have worked of late at least ten hours every working-day at their ecclesiastical job, and have spent the balance of their time giving out interviews or making prudent and non-committal responses to reporters. Little by little the facts of the situation in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church have been leaking out. There seems to be a great deal to talk about, some things to regret, nothing to be ashamed of, and nothing to be angry about. There is evidently a good deal of friction, some sense of injured innocence, and some vexation, but not much wrath anywhere.

A high-class American church row (row is rather too violent a word, but it will do) is an interesting phase of modern life, which the American Trollope, when he comes along, will be able to make a good deal of. He will do a considerable public service if he makes it clear what a curious institution a modern church is, and what very different notions its supporters have of its functions. There is in every successful church the business man, whose notion of a good church is necessarily a church that pays its bills promptly, owns a good building, employs a competent pastor, and is thoroughly up with the times. And of course there must also be the other element, which finds the church's spiritual side all-important, and is afraid of nothing quite so much as that the church will degenerate into a Sunday-morning club for the entertainment of the well-to-do. To any observant layman it must seem a marvel that any clergyman should be able to suit any congregation. Yet the thing is done. If it is a miracle, grace is often equal to it. But it is not quite so impossible as it seems; for the true preacher, who has zeal and piety and perhaps magnetism, satisfies the people who want religion, and fills the church. Then the contributions are satisfactory, the bills are paid, the music is good, the church grows handsome outside and comfortable within, and every one is satisfied. A number of things are necessary to make a church go, but no one thing seems quite so indispensable as piety in the parson.

After all, a difference in a Presbyterian church is a much less complicated matter than one in an Episcopal church, where members can differ about everything that Presbyterians can, and over matters of ritual besides.

The newspapers have recently published the suggestion of a Mr. Riedel of Baltimore, described as a student of arctic exploration, that the true way to get to the north pole is to take along a submarine boat, and traverse the last five or six hundred miles of the journey under the ice. This is a good plan, and if Dr. Nansen has endorsed it, as is reported, and if the scientific members of the faculty of Johns Hopkins University decline to condemn it, as is also reported, it is no more than we should expect. A contemporary paragrapher (of the *Sun*) says, "The idea is novel, and, having once been broached, will no doubt attract attention." True enough, it is novel; but the novelty of it was contributed not so much by Mr. Riedel as by Mr. Frank Stockton. If there is no real need of going to the north pole as Mr. Riedel proposes, it is because the thing has been done already, and we have a record, exhaustive and complete, of how it came about. Samuel Block is the man who did it, and all the particulars of his trip in a submarine boat with electric gills have been perspicuously set forth in the work called *The Great Stone of Sardis* (Harpers), whereof the author is Mr. Stockton aforesaid.

Mr. Ogden's picture, in this number of the Weekly, of Washington's last birthday, illustrates an actual occurrence. On that day, February 22, 1799, Nelly Custis, Mrs. Washington's granddaughter, was married to Major Lewis, the General's nephew. The bride had lived at Mount Vernon since infancy, and was practically Washington's adopted daughter. The scene shown is in the banquet-hall at Mount Vernon when Washington proposes the health of the bride. In dress at this time French fashions — Directoire gowns — were beginning to supersede the fashions of the colonial period. It is told that Washington had in the house a new uniform, ordered for the expected French war, and that the bride asked him to wear it, but that he put on instead his old uniform of the Revolution.

Persons of average veracity never get entirely used to the resourcefulness of liars. In the Weekly of February 5 there was an allusion to a newspaper story of recent coinage about Miss Lucinda Day, of West Springfield, Massachusetts, of whom it was related that her lover went to sea and never was heard from, and that every night for seventy years she kept a light burning in the window against the chance of his return. This story appeared late last year, shortly after Miss Day's death. It is romantic and interesting, and there is no fault to find with it except that it is not true. Miss Day's nephew has taken the trouble to explain about it, and writes:

> Miss Day never had a sailor lover; she never kept a light in the window for him; the light did not go out the night that she died, etc. The story was a pure fabrication by some unconscionable reporter in Springfield, and has been sent over the whole world. I have myself received a copy of an editorial, a column and a quarter long, in an English newspaper, based upon it. The simple fact of the matter is that the light in the sitting-room of the old Day homestead at West Springfield was placed on the table, and ordinarily the shade in the window was kept down in the evening. A few years ago the Village Improvement Society raised the grade of the road in front of the house, which necessitated a couple of steps down into the yard. As there was no system of street-lighting, it made it a little dangerous for people to come to the house in the evening, and Miss Lucinda Day, in her desire that no harm might befall any of her callers, raised the shade of the window. That is absolutely all the foundation for this story.

Another correspondent who was interested in the story notes that it is a common custom in New England to put a light in the window to cheer, as well as guide, any one of the family who happens to be out late at night. "It is certainly so," he writes, "in my part of New England—the country about Hartford. None of the boys in our family was ever out late at night but that he found a light burning in the window for him."

A friend of the Weekly in Philadelphia thinks that the new organization called the Order of the Crown, the existence of which has been disclosed in Philadelphia, "makes the poor old Barons of Runnymede look sick-abed." There was something in the newspapers a short time ago about this "Order of the Crown," but to believe that it really existed seemed to involve more than a reasonable tax on the credulity of readers. In the Philadelphia *Press* of February 6, however, there is an amount of information about the new society that seems inconsistent with the supposition that the whole thing is a joke. The *Press* says that no society has yet been formed, but that the order is a-building, and that the wife of Provost Harrison, of the University of Pennsylvania, has been invited to represent the State of Pennsylvania in the Founders' Council. Mrs. Harrison is quoted by the *Press* as saying, in effect, that she thinks it is advantageous for Americans to know whom and where they came from, and that she favors such societies as this Order of the Crown because of the historical research that they induce, and because the consciousness of lineage does people good, and tends to make them worthier folks. The *Press* prints Mrs. Harrison's picture, which is very pleasing, and gives a brief diagnosis of her extraction from Hugh Capet. It gives, too, the pictures and derivations of several other ladies who would be eligible for membership of the order, but it does not appear that any of them have consented as yet to join. The order in its present stage seems to consist, officially, of founders from eight States, including Pennsylvania. The order appears to be intended as yet for women only. One excellent possibility in it is that it may help to familiarize American women with the outward manifestations of exalted lineage, so that they will recognize royal descent when they see it, and value it at its true worth. There has been a tendency among some of them to overvalue it, and excessive numbers of dollars have, in some instances, been paid for shares in it. If it can be shown that under the McKinley tariff we can produce at home lineage equal to any demands, it may save much good American money from exportation, and perhaps save American dames from making bad matrimonial bargains abroad.

It is grateful news that Lady Henry Somerset has abandoned the position she took about the regulation of vices induced by the British army in India, and is now again in full accord on all important points with Miss Frances Willard and all the rest of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Lady Henry said her position had been seriously misunderstood, and also that the measures she had thought it proper to countenance had not been carried out in the spirit that she had looked for, nor resulted as she hoped. So she does not approve them any longer.

After all, dukes are not without their uses. It was the Duke of Devonshire whose curiosity about the ultimate fate of Becky Sharp and other old acquaintances in *Vanity Fair* inspired Thackeray to write the letter which is published in *Longman's Magazine* for February. It has been widely copied in the newspapers, and is the most amusing and valuable morsel that Thackeray's literary remains have yielded since the printing of the Brookfield letters. It is the sort of letter that the average kind gentleman would only compose as a concession to some one with an extra good claim to indulgence—as a very nice child, or a sick person, or a friend whose quality warranted an unusual attention.

Remarks have been made heretofore in this page of the Weekly on the strong attachment of the Hoosiers for the State of Indiana, and of their willingness to stick to that State even after they have fairly won the privilege of living elsewhere. Examples of this Hoosier fidelity are afforded by Benjamin Harrison, the poet Riley, General Lew Wallace, and a good many other distinguished lights of literature and statecraft. Time and again the Indiana man who has been faithful in a few things has been called abroad—to Washington, London, Paris, Constantinople—to be ruler over many things. Time and again, too, when his rulership has lapsed, the faithful Hoosier has come back to the country of frosted pumpkins and fodder in the shock. So it was with Consul-General New; so it will be with Consul-General Gowdy.

New evidence of this strong home sentiment has just been given by General Wallace, in his formal announcement that at his death the city of Crawfordsville will become the owner of his handsome private library building, with all the books it contains. It was built by General Wallace (at a reported cost of $40,000) with the idea that it should eventually become a public library, and it is suited to that use.

General Wallace might do his city a good turn by making it a condition of his gift that the town should drop the outgrown final syllable from its name. "City of Crawford" sounds less tautological than "city of Crawfordsville."

Mr. Charles Leonard Moore, writing in the *Dial* about "Literary Values," says of style that it is not single but complex; that it is hard to catch it in the act, and that, as far as prose is concerned, it seems to be "a vivid realization of all that can be said on a subject, and an apt selection of the most telling points." It certainly does not consist, he adds, in hunting for fine words; and with that most readers will agree.

The disposition to think of style as solely the result of a choice of words is so general that this idea of Mr. Moore that the choice of what to say is an element in it is worth considering. Of course a certain degree of familiarity with the dictionary is conducive to a pleasing style, but it is believed by persons who have meditated on the subject that the physical seat of style is not in the brain, where the apparatus of memory is located, but in the centre of the body, immediately below the front ribs. Whether that central point is the stomach, the solar plexus, the midriff, the diaphragm, or what, is best known to anatomists, but most writers can testify that when the sensations in that region are unsatisfactory, style is scarce, and that it is when those sensations are right that proper words find themselves legs and march out in proper order. It is suspected from this phenomenon that style is a form of energy, and that when energy flags, style halts.

The post-mortuary stories about Dean Liddell tend to make the speculative reader wonder whether there is any situation in any other world that is suited to the dignity of so august a person. After a man has been vice-chancellor of Oxford University, and has gone about in a scarlet gown and preceded by three mace-bearers, there is no such thing as promotion for him in this world, and there seems fair ground for doubt whether any change—even the last—must not involve some descent. The Dean enjoyed many honors, and there is concurrence of testimony that he personified in a remarkable degree the honors that he enjoyed. Other men before and since have been vice-chancellors at Oxford, others have been deans of Christ Church, but for this century at least the record in these offices seems to have been made by Dean Liddell. He had a remarkable "presence," and, indeed, was a very remarkable man, notable for scholarship, gumption, and tact, but somewhat hard, and perhaps a little in the shadow of his own greatness. His character, as it is pictured, renders it easy to believe the story that he thought it inexpedient for his daughter to marry Dr. Dodgson, and forbade that match, for he seems unquestionably to have been a man who could forbid, and abide by his prohibitions, whether hearts broke or not. His greatest monument is the famous lexicon that bears his name.

One of the more notable incidents of the recent visit of President Dole of Hawaii to this country was his reception at Chicago on January 24, on his journey from San Francisco to Washington. A picture on another page shows him in the hands of the Chicago reception committee. His visit in Chicago, though not long, was crowded with interests. He visited Fort Sheridan, came back to town to a Hawaiian lunch, and later attended a reception at the Union League Club, where a great many ladies and gentlemen shook hands with him, and where the president of the club, Mr. Thomas B. Bryan, addressed him in a courteous speech, to which he made suitable response.

President Dole has made a good impression wherever he has been. He is a man of dignity, good-looking, well-mannered, and an agreeable speaker. He has conducted himself discreetly, and has said nothing in public about the annexation of Hawaii, though, without doubt, he has dispensed abundant information on that subject in private. In Washington he saw and conversed with the President and many public men, but did not visit the Capitol, nor show himself to the Senate or the House. His visit has caused no excitement, but it has interested people, and he has been well received.

A special memorial exhibition of the works of William Hamilton Gibson and William J. Linton is to be given at the Century Club from February 19 to February 26, after which Mr. Gibson's pictures are to be taken, with several hundred more, to the American Art Galleries for a public exhibition, which will open on March 14. This latter public exhibition will include the water-colors, pastels, oil-paintings, and pencil and pen sketches left in Mr. Gibson's two studios.

It is to be hoped that the *World's* Court Chronicles may be gathered presently in a book, or as many books as it may take to hold them. They are very amusing, and possess at the same time many elements of edification and useful instruction.

E. S. Martin.

THE DRAMA.

MR. AUGUSTIN DALY'S series of "revivals" has served to restore to our stage one of the most delightful of the old comedies, "The Country Girl." If Wycherley were living to-day, he might derive considerable pleasure from this production. Of course he would have his opinion of Mr. Daly for cutting and slashing his work; but when the first sting of wounded sensibility had passed, he would probably realize that, after all, the American manager knew the fashionable New York public with its little conceits and prejudices. Other times, and other ways of dramatic expression. "The Country Girl" is now Wycherley with a dash of Mr. Daly, or rather, Wycherley after being dashed at by Mr. Daly. It has a flavor of its own, rather remote from the flavor of old comedy, to be sure, and yet very agreeable. But what modern production succeeds in giving the genuine flavor of old comedy? It is practically impossible, as Mr. Daly thoroughly appreciates, to persuade our audiences to accept the comedies as they stand in the original, and even if the text were reverentially treated, the actors could never preserve the illusion. A few of our actors, it is true, know how to assume the old-comedy manner. It goes without saying that Joseph Jefferson is one. In that clever imitation of old comedy, "Beau Brummel," Mr. Richard Mansfield displays it most exquisitely, and Miss Annie Clarke, now a member of Mr. Mansfield's company, has often displayed it during her long and honorable career at the Boston Museum. Miss Clarke, however, had the inestimable advantage of years of association with one of the greatest actors of his time, William Warren, who stood as the very embodiment of the old-comedy traditions. It might be possible to form in this country a company of actors that would give an ideal performance of such a work as Wycherley's; but as such an organization does not exist, it is only fair to say that Mr. Daly's comedians have done the work as well as might be expected.

More than this must be said of Miss Rehan's performance, however. Though absolutely modern, it was so spontaneous, so humorous, so radiant with spirit and archness, that it lent life and sparkle to the whole production. In recent years Miss Rehan has done nothing to compare with this characterization of *Peggy Thrift*. She interpreted the country girl with absolute sureness. There is no English-speaking actress now before the public who has such a delicious humor, or such skill in making her humor serve her purpose. It is nearly ten years since Miss Rehan first appeared as *Peggy*, but in this part she defies time, and in looks, manner, and bearing convinces you that she has never left her teens. Among the other actors, two distinguished themselves—Mr. Edwin Varrey as *Jack Moody*, and Mr. Herbert Gresham as the coxcomb, *Sparkish*. Mr. Varrey played with his characteristic ease and finish; it is always a pleasure to see him, for even when surrounded by those strange performers who, by mouthings and struttings, try to improve on nature, he never fails to be simple and true. Mr. Gresham gave a most elaborate and amusing performance of a part that presents many difficulties to the modern actor. Mr. Cyril Scott, facile as he is, was unsuited to the rôle of *Ned Harcourt*, and, in spite of his conscientious work, seemed curiously out of the picture. Mr. Scott invariably creates the impression of being almost painfully up to date. He has great talent, and Mr. Daly is now giving him the discipline that he needs. If he can only acquire repose and refinement of manner, he may become the best light comedian on our stage. A word of praise should be spoken for the *Lucy* of Miss Catherine Lewis, played in exactly the right key. The weakest figure in the cast was the *Dick Belville* of Mr. Charles Richman, who is unfortunately not fulfilling the promise he gave a few years ago by his performance in "Hannele," that fine dream-play by Gerhard Hauptmann, which was so disgracefully treated by New York.

"The Country Girl" was preceded by a clever trifle, "Subtleties of Jealousy," adapted from the French of Edmond Pailleron. It lost much in the transition from the sparkling French to our own more cumbersome speech, as well as in the interpretation, which required all the *finesse* that the best French actors know how to give to a piece of this kind. As to the wife, however, Miss Rehan played very charmingly, and looked extremely beautiful. Mr. Richman was quite unequal to the rôle of the husband. Mr. Daly certainly needs a stronger leading man.

In consideration of the difficulty of finding actors able to play in the old comedy manner, Mr. Eugene Presbrey showed considerable boldness in writing a work not merely modelled on the old comedies, but actually reproducing, with alterations, to be sure, some of their material. His task seems the more astonishing when it is known that he undertook it for the purpose of furnishing a medium to exploit the talents of that very contemporaneous and very American actor, Mr. W. H. Crane. He has acknowledged his indebtedness to Sheridan and others for suggestions of episodes and characters, and in this particular he has set to some of his brother playwrights a much-needed and a most commendable example. Indeed, for brazen impertinence there is nothing in the history of the literary craft in recent years to surpass the attitude of certain of the English and American "adapters" of plays from foreign sources.

We have had a recent case of flagrant stealing by one playwright from his fellow-workers, and the scandal over it has been treated by the offender as if he himself had a grievance, with a mighty superiority worthy of one of the early Christian martyrs. It has become a common practice for unscrupulous adapters to allow their work to be offered to the public as original.

In the present case of Mr. Presbrey, however, the association of "A Virginia Courtship" with the comedies that have become classic has an almost ludicrous aspect, for, in spite of its pretences, in spite of its attempt to reproduce the atmosphere of the early century, it has a strong kinship with the mediocre comedies that have done service on our stage for the past decade.

It is an actor's play, or rather a manager's play, which amounts to the same thing. The situations have been the first consideration, and they are developed with ingenuity, but at the sacrifice of all considerations of probability, as well as of characters. "A Virginia Courtship" is one of those tediously familiar dramas that rely for their chief episodes on the extraordinarily stupid blunders of the chief personages.

Sometimes a dramatist is clever enough to make the blunders convincing, and to carry them out to logical conclusions. Mr. Presbrey, however, has set up a case where the blunders would inevitably adjust themselves very swiftly; but, for the sake of the comedy, he defers the explanation till the climax. At the close of his second act the device becomes so strained that the spectator very nearly loses all patience with it. Perhaps it is to Mr. Presbrey's credit that, notwithstanding this weakness, he keeps the audience entertained. Mr. Crane's admirers, however, are willing to go more than half-way in their desire to enjoy any play that introduces their favorite. The best way to describe "A Virginia Courtship" might be by saying that it is a bit of pleasant fooling. Of serious value, it has none. It gives Mr. Crane a part somewhat out of his usual line, but he has become altogether too "set" in his methods not to achieve the feat of drawing it into line. In spite of his silken breeches and hose, he was still our old friend the *Senator* all over again, playing with his usual blustering effectiveness. His company has changed somewhat since last year, but it keeps its place as one of the very best dramatic organizations that we have. Miss Annie Irish, who made a hit last season as *Marian* in "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," holds the position of leading woman, and appeared as the fascinating widow, who of course marries the fox-hunting hero as soon as all those explanations are made. Her admirable acting greatly helped the piece. Another new member of the company is Miss Percy Haswell, formerly of Mr. Daly's forces, who made a most agreeable impression as the *ingénue*.

THE *MAJOR* AND THE *WIDOW* (MR. CRANE AND MISS IRISH) IN "A VIRGINIA COURTSHIP," AS PERFORMED AT THE KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE, NEW YORK.

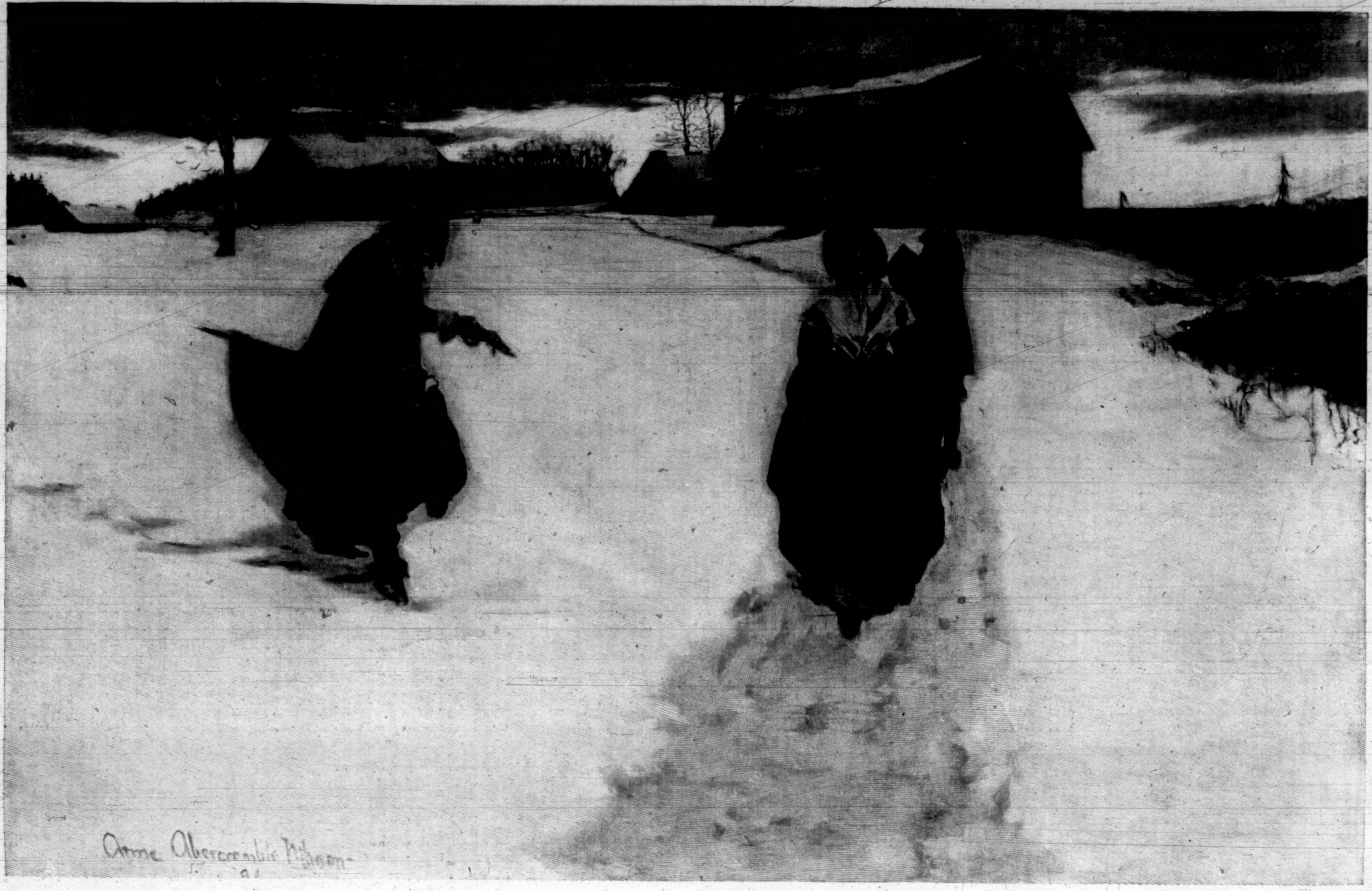
HELENA MODJESKA.

Madame Modjeska's return to the New York stage, after an absence of two years and a half, has been a cause for rejoicing. For her first appearance she chose Schiller's powerful tragedy, "Mary Stuart," which gives her opportunities for the expression of some of her strongest powers, but does not permit her to display those gifts as a comedy actress which she possesses to a remarkable degree. Her impersonation lacked none of its old grace and poetic sublimity. Those who have once seen it are likely never to forget it. Janauschek's characterization of *Mary Stuart* had greater dramatic intensity, but it is safe to say that no living actress can suggest more touchingly than Madame Modjeska the womanly qualities of the character. What a superb performance of this drama might be given with Modjeska as *Mary* and with Janauschek as *Queen Elizabeth!* If this is too much to be hoped for, a performance by these two actresses of the great scene between the rival queens in the park at Fotheringay might be within the range of possibility. Madame Modjeska's present companions, on the whole, gave adequate support. Mr. Joseph Haworth played the part of *Sir Edward Mortimer* with vigor and intelligence. The stage settings were bad.

That robust and tumultuous actress, Miss Fanny Davenport, lately presented at the Fifth Avenue Theatre a new version of the story of the "Maid of Orleans," by Miss Fannie Aymar Matthews. After its first performance "Joan" received enthusiastic condemnation, and yet it was by no means a bad play. The author had planned it very carefully with an eye to dramatic effect, and she had succeeded in creating several striking situations. These, however, did not compensate for the weakness shown in developing the theme and the characters subordinate to *Joan*. The work was more like a series of dramatic pictures than a well-rounded play. As *Joan* Miss Davenport appeared to excellent advantage, delivering the long speeches assigned to the heroine with a truly martial effect.

"Oh, Susannah!" now running at Hoyt's Theatre, is known to have had a long run at the Royalty Theatre, London. Its success there shows a most deplorable taste on the part of the English theatre-going public, and as on this taste we depend largely for the selection of our plays, we have good reason to grieve.

JOHN D. BARRY.


Anne Abercrombie Mhoon

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY IN NEW ENGLAND.—Drawn by Anne A. Mhoon.—[See Page 184.]

ADVENTURES OF AMERICAN ARMY AND NAVY OFFICERS

VIII.

THE STORY OF A YANKEE PRISONER OF WAR.

BY COMMODORE ALBERT KAUTZ, U.S.N.

PART II.

ONE morning we noticed in the Richmond *Examiner* that a Mr. Eyster would be removed from the tobacco warehouse to Castle Thunder for safe-keeping. That same afternoon, while taking a walk in the court-yard, I noticed a gentleman standing in one corner. He looked forlorn and friendless. On speaking to him, I found that he was Mr. Eyster, of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. He said he was glad to get out of the tobacco warehouse, but complained that he could find no place to sleep away from the filthy prisoners. I proposed that he come in with the Commodore and myself, as our room was a very large one. This he was delighted to do, and I soon found that we had quite an acquisition to our mess; and later on, as we grew short of funds, he was able to supply us by means of a draft on Baltimore. With such a variety of boarders we had much to amuse us, and time did not hang heavily on our minds. There was, however, an uncertainty about the future which made us wish at times that we were out of the hotel. One day a classmate called, who offered his services and money. I told him I did not think he could be of any service, though I would be obliged if he would find out precisely what my official status was. The next day he returned, with a copy of an order, signed by Jefferson Davis, directing that I should be confined in a cell, for the reason that Lieutenant Hudgings of the Confederate service was confined in the Tombs in New York city, and setting forth that in case Hudgings was hanged, I should have the same fate. The Secretary of the Navy told him I could not possibly be paroled. Another, a Major Gordon, called to see me and left fifty dollars on my table. He had no particular interest in me, but he was half-brother to the Captain Brown whom I met in Warrenton, and had been requested by his brother to call. Then Captain Crossen, who had captured me, came and offered his services.

He had an interview with Jeff. Davis, and tried to get a parole for me, so that he could take me back to North Carolina, but he was told that that was impossible as long as Mr. Hudgings was in the Tombs in New York. It was a great pleasure to me to see the tenacity with which my friends clung to me in my adversity. It contrasted strongly with the desertion of the friends of a number of inmates of the prison. My friend Mr. Eyster one day managed to get his release through the courts, and left me, but that same evening a Mr. Eagle came in. He was a brother of Commodore Eagle of the navy, and his home was in New York city. He proved to be a pleasant and agreeable companion.

All my companions who were in prison were married men, and said they owed their capture to a non-observance of the advice of their wives, and all swore by everything great and good that if they ever reached home they would never go contrary to the advice of their wives again. Their testimony was so identical that it afforded me many a hearty laugh, as one after the other recited it, without the knowledge that his predecessor had said the same thing. This occasion will not permit my relating the many amusing episodes in my prison life. Time rolled on, and I had been in prison about two months, when one day I had another call. As I went to the gate, to my surprise I found my old roommate at the Naval Academy, T. N. W. Davies. My friend, whom I shall call Tamerlane, for the reason that he was known at the Academy as Tamerlane the Tartar, seemed very glad to see me, and remarked at the outset that he was as good a friend to me as he had ever been, though he was a fire-eater of the William L. Yancey school. Before taking his leave he asked me if he could be of any service to me, and offered me money, which I declined, as I did not stand in need of any at that time. I told him, however, that I would like to get out of prison. He rather discouraged the idea at first by saying that we lived much better than the officers in the field, but as I seemed so anxious to get out he would make the effort, and he believed he could succeed. I was to write a letter that night to Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy, asking him to grant me thirty days' parole for the purpose of visiting Washington with the view of effecting an exchange, and he was to call for it the next morning. The next morning my friend Tamerlane came, bringing me a set of chess-men and his photograph.

He read my letter, pronounced it satisfactory, and after a short call proceeded on his mission. That evening he returned and reported the result of his interview with Jefferson Davis. He read my letter to him, and Mr. Davis laughed. Tamerlane inquired why he laughed, and the President said, "At the idea of a Yankee prisoner asking for a leave of absence; for that is what that request amounts to." Tamerlane said, "Are you not in favor of an exchange of prisoners, Mr. President?" Mr. Davis said: "Yes, in favor of an exchange of prisoners, and sorry for your friend, but I cannot release him. The idea is preposterous; for were I to allow him to go North, they would not exchange him, but compel him to go into service again; and if he protested, they would dismiss him, and that would be the end of him. Now," he continued, "I have him in close confinement, in order that I may have him handy to hang, in case they hang one of the privateersmen in New York; and should I let your friend go North, and they should hang a privateersman, whom could I hang?" My friend Tamerlane looked his "commander-in-chief" squarely in the face, and said: "But my friend will *certainly* return if he does not succeed in getting an exchange. I *know* he will; he has given me his word of honor that he *will*." "But suppose," said Mr. Davis, "he found it impossible to return, and they were to hang one of our officers in New York, whom would I hang? I suppose I would have to hang you, as you are so ready to vouch for your friend; and you would look well, wouldn't you, hanging in a Yankee's place?"

Mr. Davis looked at my friend as though he had terminated the argument, but he did not fully understand his man. Tamerlane was thoroughly in earnest, and promptly said: "I'll run the risk of his not returning, should he fail to get an exchange. In that case you may hang *me*." When Davis heard this, he turned in his chair, and exclaimed, "Oh, shades of Damon and Pythias, look down and see yourselves eclipsed!" and added, "I will see that your friend receives his parole, and I hope he may effect an exchange."

It may not be inappropriate to remark here that had not this interview between Jefferson Davis and my friend Tamerlane taken place, I might have remained in jail for months, if not for years, and the hero of the contest between the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*, Lieutenant John L. Worden, might have been in durance vile in Montgomery, Alabama, when that celebrated action took place, for his exchange was but one of the results of this interview. The account of this interview was given me by my friend Tamerlane the day it occurred, and I have every reason to believe it to be a correct one. My friend had to bid me good-by and return to his regiment, but he assured me I would hear from my application for a parole the next day or the one following. The morrow came, but I heard nothing. My fellow-jail-birds began to talk about blasted hopes and ruined prospects, but I did not despair. The second day passed slowly, and I was getting very tired about 4 P.M., when I was relieved by the announcement that there was a young gentleman downstairs who wished to see me. I lost no time in gratifying him. He proved to be a nephew of the Secretary of the Navy, and a midshipman in the Confederate service.

He brought a message from Mr. Mallory that he wished to see me at the Navy Department, and he informed me that I was to have a parole. I jumped into the carriage with the midshipman, and we drove to Mechanics Hall, which had been converted into a War and Navy Department. On our arrival at the department I was introduced to Mr. Tidball, the chief clerk, who informed me that Mr. Mallory would soon come in. In a short time the Secretary appeared with his wife, to whom he introduced me, and they both congratulated me on my release. The Secretary at once produced the written parole, and I signed it. I pledged myself to return at the end of fifty days unless sooner exchanged. This was very liberal, as it gave me twenty more days than I asked for. I had addressed two letters to Secretary Mallory on the subject of exchange, both of which were treated with silent contempt. I was therefore somewhat surprised at the politeness expressed by the rebel Secretary in the wish that I would be successful in my effort to procure an exchange. The papers being signed, Secretary Mallory sent a message to Mr. Benjamin, the Secretary of War, who was in his office immediately across the hall, and in a few moments the gentleman came in. I was introduced to him by the Secretary of the Navy, who at the same time briefly gave my status. The Secretary of War sustained his reputation for politeness and grace as he remarked that I was doubtless anxious to rejoin my friends, and it would afford him infinite pleasure to furnish the necessary pass. There were several routes by which I could travel to Washington, but he would suggest that I take the one by way of Winchester and Harper's Ferry, as he considered it the most expeditious. Being in an amiable frame of mind at this time, I at once accepted the Secretary's suggestion, and he sat down at Mr. Mallory's desk and wrote on a sheet of letter-paper:

To the Commanding Officer at Winchester, Va.:

SIR,—Pass the bearer of this, Lieutenant Albert Kautz, of the U. S. Navy, through our line of pickets, and restore him to his countrymen.

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN,
Secretary of War.

The Secretary of the Navy gave me an ordinary printed pass, countersigned by his chief clerk, which enabled me to buy a railroad ticket, and asked me if I had all the funds I required for the journey; if I had not, he would be glad to furnish me with such as I might require. I thanked him for his kind offer, but as I was well provided, there was no occasion for my taking any. I had known Mr. Mallory's daughter, who was married to a Mr. Bishop, in Bridgeport, Connecticut, and inquired after her of Mrs. Mallory, offering at the same time to carry a letter to her if she felt inclined to send one. With much difficulty she succeeded in writing a short note, being in great distress of mind as the separation from her daughter was thus forcibly brought up. And as she gave me the note she inquired how long I had been in Richmond; and when I answered two months, she added, in a most sympathetic manner, "But you haven't been locked up in a cell all this time, have you?" This was an embarrassing question, for I could not afford to tell what my friend Staples had done for me, and I knew I had been officially locked up. I would have liked it better if she had reproved me for not calling. However, Mr. Mallory himself relieved me by saying: "Yes, my dear, I am sorry to say he has been. They locked one of our officers up in the Tombs in New York, and we were obliged to retaliate." I felt satisfied that Staples was acting on his own responsibility from the first, still I was glad to have my view of the case corroborated by the head of the department.

After bidding adieu to the Confederate officials I walked out into the street, a free man once more. I felt very much better than I had at any time in the past two months. I had money in my pocket, and I might have gone to the Spotswood House or the Exchange, the leading hotels of Richmond; but I did not. I went back to jail, of my own free will and accord—the Henrico County Hotel, as we often called it. My companions were delighted to see me again. The old Commodore was especially wrought up to a high state of excitement, and we had quite a jollification, which was kept up until after midnight, and might have lasted longer had not Mr. Staples heard the hilarity in his residence. He thought some one was trying to break jail, but we assured him that it was nothing more than eloquence bursting through the grated windows on the still night air. The next morning I walked into the city and purchased a present for the wife of Mr. Staples, who had provided us with such a generous table. I spent the day strolling about the city and meeting people, my object being to find some one who would procure for me an interview with Jefferson Davis, as I wished to learn his views on the subject of exchange of prisoners. I was finally introduced to Ju Lyon, who was a personal friend of Mr. Davis. T judge asked me how I came to be released, and befor had an opportunity to tell him what I wanted, he r marked that the President had made a great mistake, *very great mistake;* he should have kept me in prison *all means.* It occurred to me at once that if Judge Ly had the influence with President Davis he was reputed have, I had made a great mistake in seeking his acquain ance, and that I would better take my departure fro Richmond before Mr. Davis changed his mind. I at onc determined to take the morning train for Winchester, and went to the Spotswood House for the night, where a number of people from Washington and Baltimore asked me to carry letters to their families in the North.

The next morning I had an early breakfast and then proceeded to the railway station, where I was met by a Commander Brook of the Confederate navy, who had kindly come to see that I would have no trouble in getting my ticket. I quietly took my seat in the car, and no one took any special notice of me. Shortly after dark we reached Strasburg, where we took the stage for Winchester, which latter point we reached at midnight. I was shown to a room with two beds in it, one being already occupied by a hospital steward belonging to some Virginia regiment. He asked me where I was from, and I answered North Carolina. Then he wanted to know whether I belonged to the army or not, and I told him I did not. He wanted to know why, and I answered, "Too much other business to attend to." This seemed to disgust him, as he remarked: "Business be blowed! North Carolina people seem to have a great deal of business. North Carolina is a mighty mean State anyhow." I thought he was somewhat free of speech, and asked him to what State he belonged, and he said New Jersey, when I remarked, "A meaner State than North Carolina." As he agreed to this, I bade him good-night.

The next morning, as soon as I had finished my breakfast, I proceeded directly to the headquarters of the commanding General and presented my pass from the Secretary of War. One of his aides accompanied me to the railway station, and ordered a locomotive and passenger-car to be gotten ready at once. This was the first special train I ever had to convey me from one point to another, and, so far as I can remember, it is the only one.

On our arrival at Charlestown, about twenty miles from Winchester, the Confederate Captain conducted me to Colonel Ashby's quarters, and ordered a horse and buggy to take me to the outer pickets at Harper's Ferry. The Captain had quite a complicated plan by which he proposed to restore me to my countrymen, but I prevailed on him to let me go at the foot of the hill, and walked down alone to the ruins of the old bridge, with a flag of truce in one hand and my valise in the other. I picked my way across the mouth of the Shenandoah on the bowlders, and then with some Confederate money I had left I chartered a scow, which took me across the Potomac to the Maryland shore; there I was arrested as a spy by a sergeant's guard, which escorted me to a small tavern about a mile from the Ferry.

I managed to obtain an interview with the officer of the day, to whom I told my story, and he said he thought I was a spy; at all events, my story was a queer one. No other person had ever come from Richmond on the terms I claimed to have. I asked him if it ever occurred to him that some one had to be the first to do a thing. But seeing that I was wasting time, I asked what he proposed to do with me. I wanted to know what to expect. I could get no definite answer, however, beyond the fact that I would be held as a prisoner until further orders. That night I had a soldier with a loaded musket guarding my door. "This was the unkindest cut of all." I had been a prisoner for four months in the South without ever being placed under an armed guard, and now I was subjected to this indignity by my own people.

I was quite indignant at the commanding officer, who had not even given himself the trouble to inquire into the merits of my case, but I was tired, and glad to have an opportunity to sleep. I therefore did not worry myself about the armed guard, and from the way he was snoring when I awoke in the morning, I concluded he did not allow himself to be worried much by me. After breakfast I wrote a note to Major Tyndale, the commanding officer, demanding an interview, and at ten o'clock I was taken before him. The Major had only been in the service a few days, and was full of self-importance. After talking with him for some time, trying to convince him that he ought to send an officer with me to Washington, and failing to carry my point, I lost all patience, and asked for pen, ink, and paper, so that I might file a written protest against this nonsensical business. This declaration seemed to open his eyes for him. He stepped into an adjoining room and consulted a few moments with two of his juniors, and on coming out asked *me* what I thought he ought to do. I told him either send an officer with me or let me go alone. He said he could not spare an officer, and that if I went alone I would never reach Washington, as I would be arrested. I said I would run the risk.

He finally gave his assent to my plan and let me go alone; all his foresight and zeal seemed to have vanished, and yet he was not at all convinced as to my true character. He asked me to telegraph him from Washington the next day in case I proved to be all right—a very brilliant remark, and one that any spy would appreciate. After settling my bill at the tavern I had only enough gold left to take me to the Relay House, near Baltimore, not enough to take me to Washington. I had Virginia money, but I knew that would not answer, and, besides, it might excite suspicion on the part of the authorities. I therefore represented the situation to the ticket agent at the Relay House, but he very frankly told me he could do nothing for me; he advised me to fight it out with the conductor on the train. I was much disgusted; but fortunately a Roman Catholic priest overheard the conversation and purchased a ticket for me. On my arrival at Washington that night it was raining in torrents, and I took a seat in the Kirkwood House coach, supposing of course that I could have my fare charged to me at the hotel; but I was told that the house was full when I went to register, and again I wanted twenty-five cents, as the coachman wanted his fare. I gave him a five-dollar Virginia bank-note, which he took under protest, and then I began to look round for a friend, as I felt very much in need of one. It seemed to me for a few moments as though I would be happier in Richmond jail than where I was; but it was only for a few moments, as on looking through the rooms on the office floor I discovered my old friend General Denver sitting at a table talking with some friends. Then my unpleasant thoughts vanished, for I had found a friend who would furnish me with all the money I required. He was very glad but greatly surprised to see me. We took tea together, and the General told me that my brother of the army was encamped on the outskirts of the city. As I had not seen him for nine years, this was very pleasant news. I told my story to the General, and had an attentive listener, for I was the first prisoner who had returned from Richmond. It was something new then, though later on in the war it became an old story. I found a room that night at the National Hotel, and the next morning drove with my friend the General to my brother's tent on Capitol Hill. It was raining in torrents, and I remember how wet the ground floor of the tent was. I could not help contrasting it with the dry state-room of a ship. We talked over the affairs of the nation, and then the General and I drove to the Navy Department. Here I was introduced to the Assistant Secretary, and then to the Secretary. The Secretary thought my mission an important one, and that I would better see the President, as he had really no authority to act; he could only recommend. We accordingly left the Navy Department and proceeded to the White House. We were kept waiting but a few moments, when Mr. Lincoln received us. The President shook my hand cordially, and welcomed me back to freedom.

I remarked that the Secretary of the Navy had advised me to tell my story to the "Commander-in-Chief," and after I had finished it, Mr. Lincoln replied, "I think you ought to be exchanged, by all means, but as the Secretary of State fathers all the eggs that the chickens lay about this place, we will send for him." A messenger was accordingly sent to Mr. Seward's office, and in a short time the head of the State Department appeared with a cigar in his mouth, puffing and blowing at a terrible rate. The first remark was made to Mr. Lincoln:

"Well, what is the matter now?"

Mr. Lincoln answered by introducing me, saying, "I told Lieutenant Kautz you fathered all the eggs the chickens laid about this place, and so I sent for *you*." To this Mr. Seward said, "Yes, and all that the *ducks* lay too." Mr. Lincoln smiled and turned to me, as he said, "That must be intended for you, you being a web-footed gentleman." I was then asked to repeat my story to Mr. Seward, and as I closed it I stated that Mr. Mallory, the rebel Secretary of the Navy, had expressed the hope that I might be exchanged for a Mr. Hudgings, of Hampton, Virginia, whom I knew personally at the Naval Academy, and who was at this time a prisoner in the Tombs in New York, under a misapprehension of his proper status, Mr. Mallory thought. Mr. Seward at once said I could not be exchanged for Mr. Hudgings, as he was a privateersman. I begged Mr. Seward's pardon, but thought he was mistaken, as I knew Mr. Hudgings had a commission from Jefferson Davis as a Lieutenant in the so-called Confederate navy, and I thought a distinction ought to be made between those who were thus commissioned and those who were serving on their own private vessels with only a "letter of marque."

The President showed that he agreed with me by saying, "Yes; the one is acting from mistaken motives of patriotism, the other is fighting for filthy lucre."

The Secretary of State, however, contended that they were all privateersmen—privateersmen because they were commissioned by Jefferson Davis, who was nothing but a private party. I don't think this was intended for a pun, but it is much more like one than it is like common-sense. When I asked Mr. Seward this question, "Do you think the rebels who are fighting against our government on the sea merit a severer punishment than those who are fighting it on land?" he answered, "That is my business, sir, not yours." I could not afford to give him such an answer as I felt he deserved, but contented myself by remarking that I thought I ought to be exchanged for Mr. Hudgings even if he was a privateersman; that our government had always claimed privateering as a right; that if there was anything wrong about this view it was the fault of my education, which I received at a government institution, where part of our text in international law was a pamphlet written by one of his predecessors, William L. Marcy, in which he claimed the right of privateering before a European congress, and he but voiced the sentiment of the American people. How, then, could we condemn privateersmen as pirates?

I was again told that it was not my business. I next remarked that in an interview I had with Mr. Judah P. Benjamin, the so-called Confederate Secretary of War, he had asked me to say to the authorities in Washington—and bowing to Mr. Seward, I added, "I presume you are one of the principal authorities"—that this difficulty of an exchange seemed to be largely due to the fact that no correspondence could be carried on, for the reason that our people declined to address the Confederates as they claimed they had a right to be addressed; but, for the sake of an exchange, they would waive this formality, and if the Federal government would put a certain number of Confederate prisoners south of the Potomac under a flag of truce, they would put an equal number of Federal prisoners north of the Potomac in the same manner.

To this Mr. Seward said, gruffly, "I don't believe it." This was beginning to exhaust my fund of good-nature, and I asked, "What is it you do not believe, Mr. Seward? Don't you believe that Mr. Benjamin made this proposition, or, having made it, don't you believe he would act on it?" Mr. Seward condescended to say he did not believe Mr. Benjamin would do what he said he would. At this time Mr. Lincoln remarked, "Would it not be well to try them with a limited number of prisoners, and if they do not fulfil their part of the agreement, we will know that they cannot be trusted further in this business?" This good sense was wonderfully refreshing at this period of extreme depression. It did not seem to give that relief to Mr. Seward, however, that it did to me; on the contrary, it seemed to irritate him, and he boldly took the ground that to exchange me would be to recognize the Southern Confederacy as belligerent. As this was shortly after the battle at Ball's Bluff, where our troops had been badly routed, I replied that I did not consider it necessary to go through the form of recognition. That Bull Run and Ball's Bluff had determined the fact, and I added, "they will remain so for months, if not for years. They are as prosperous, apparently, and as confident of success, in Richmond, as we are in Washington. It will take a long time to conquer them." He then said: "You are out of prison; they can't hurt you. Why don't you go along about your business?" I answered him by saying this matter of exchange *was* my business; that I had pledged my word of honor to return to Richmond at the end of fifty days, in case I were not exchanged, and if my government did not exchange me, I should most assuredly return. I also said, "And furthermore, the duty which the officer owes his country and that which the country owes the officer are reciprocal, and I claim the protection of my country." This only made Mr. Seward more angry, and as I arose to go I ventured to say, "I hope, Mr. Seward, you will not hang any privateersman in the Tombs of New York, for if you do it will place me in a very embarrassing position." To this he replied, in a very emphatic manner, "Nothing shall deter me from doing my duty, sir." To this I answered: "But it is not a matter of duty; it resolves itself into a matter of policy. You can't afford to hang prisoners; the rebels have more prisoners than we." Mr. Seward than attempted to silence me with something pathetic, and said, "If they were to get me in Richmond, they would hang me quick enough"; and I added, with more emphasis than sympathy, "*Yes, sir, I believe they would.*"

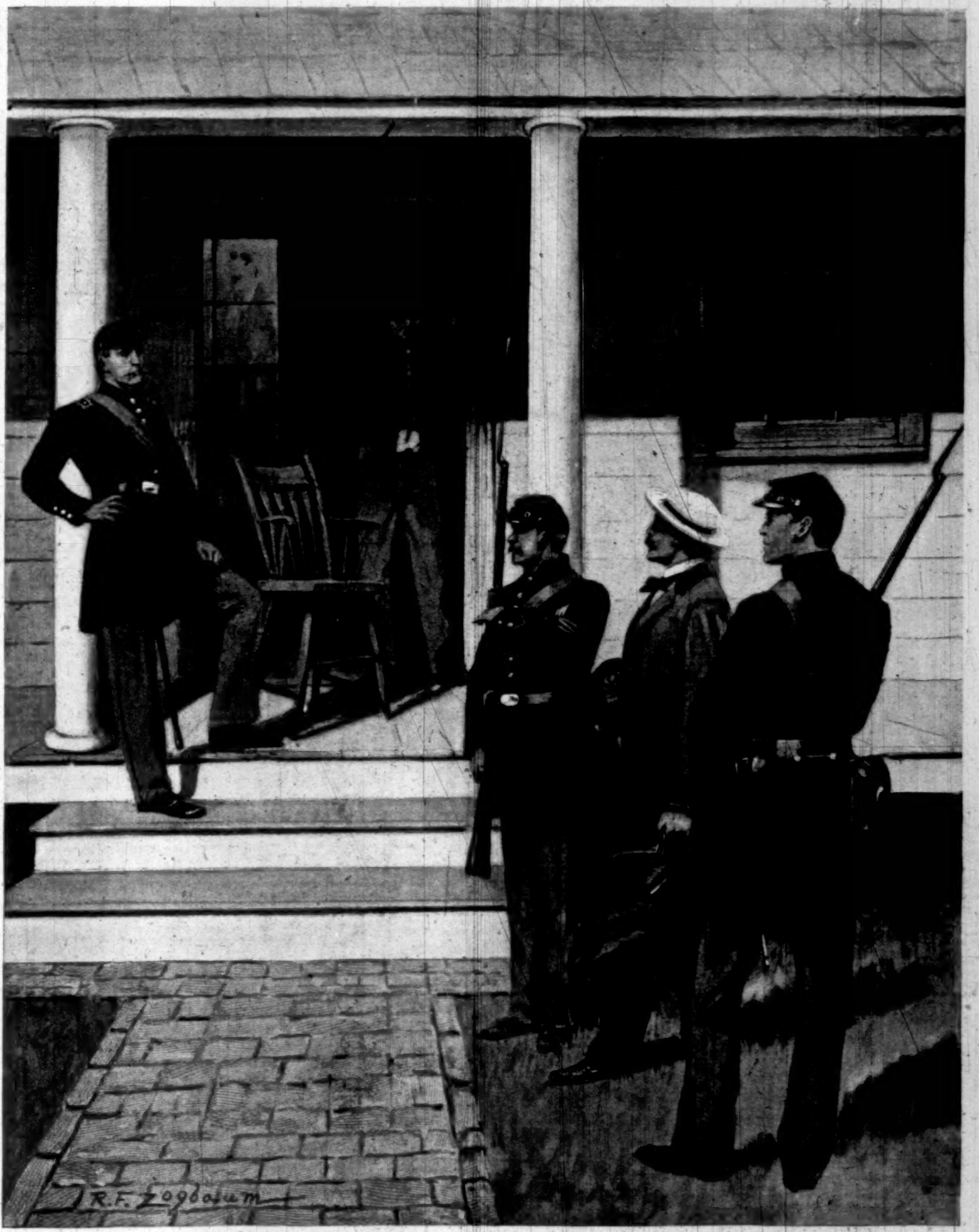
At this point Mr. Lincoln broke out into a loud laugh, and said, "I am glad you two have at last agreed on one point." The President's merry laugh was electric, and we *all* laughed. It was a great comfort to have one pleasant feature in what had been a most unpleasant interview.

My friend General Denver asked the President, aside, what we were to expect, and was told that there would be a cabinet meeting that night, and he would bring this matter up, but he added, "Your friend *must* be exchanged; it is the only honorable thing to do." The next day I was notified that I would be exchanged, and I afterwards learned that all the cabinet agreed with the President, with the exception of Seward.

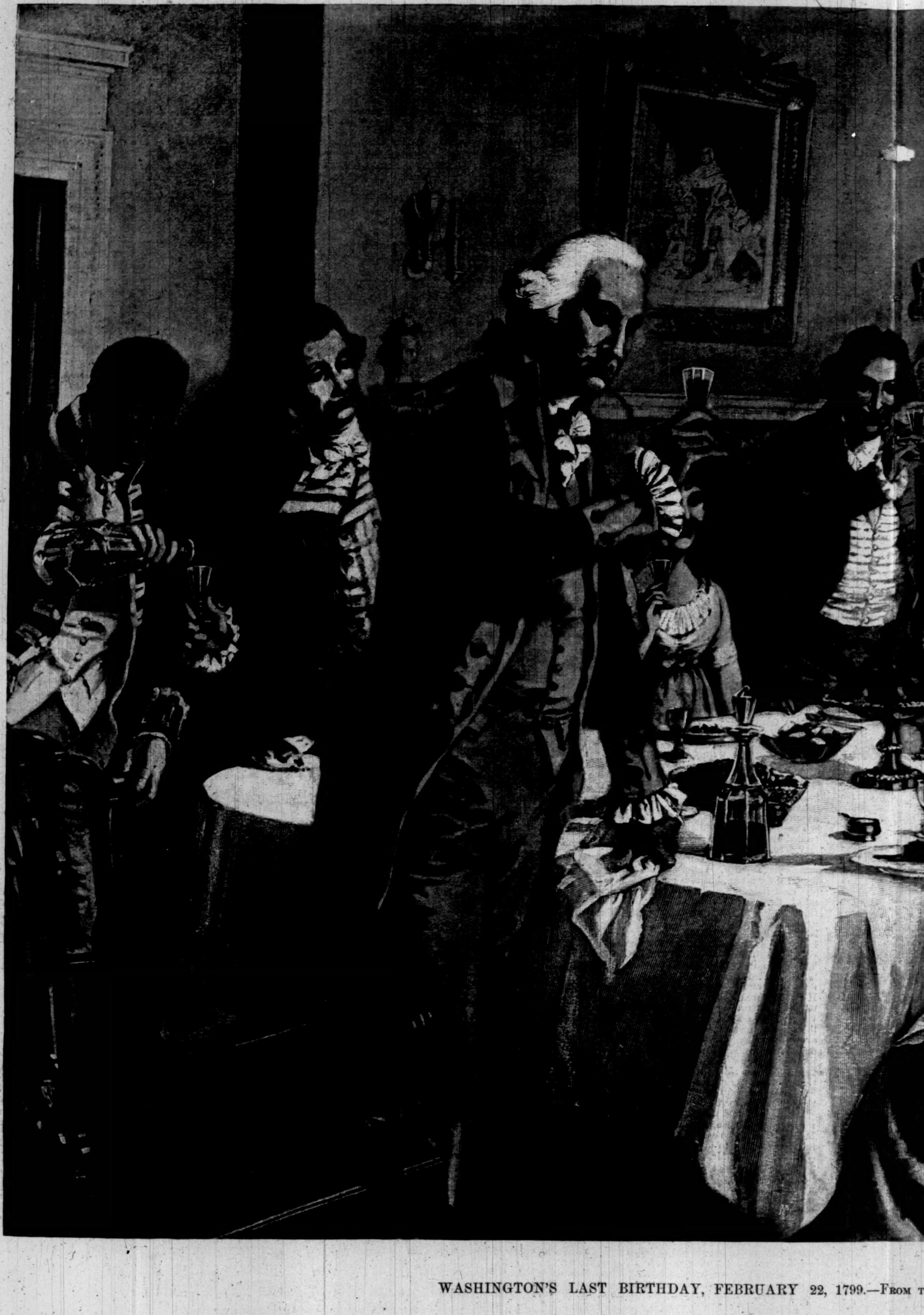
It may not be out of place, in concluding my story, to give my reason for saying so laconically that Governor Winslow of North Carolina gave me a correct diagnosis of the Yankee character when he said, "It takes a long time to get the Yankee blood aroused, but when you do, it is hell."

During my short sojourn in Washington, waiting for the department to notify me officially of my exchange, I was seated one day at a table in the office of my hotel, writing a letter, when a tall, angular man from Massachusetts, not unlike President Lincoln in his general appearance, came up to me and said: "I have been told you are just from Richmond. Am I right?" I replied by saying, "You are very nearly so, as I left there only a few days ago." Upon which he added, "I thought I would ask you whether you saw anything of my son John or not while you were in Richmond."

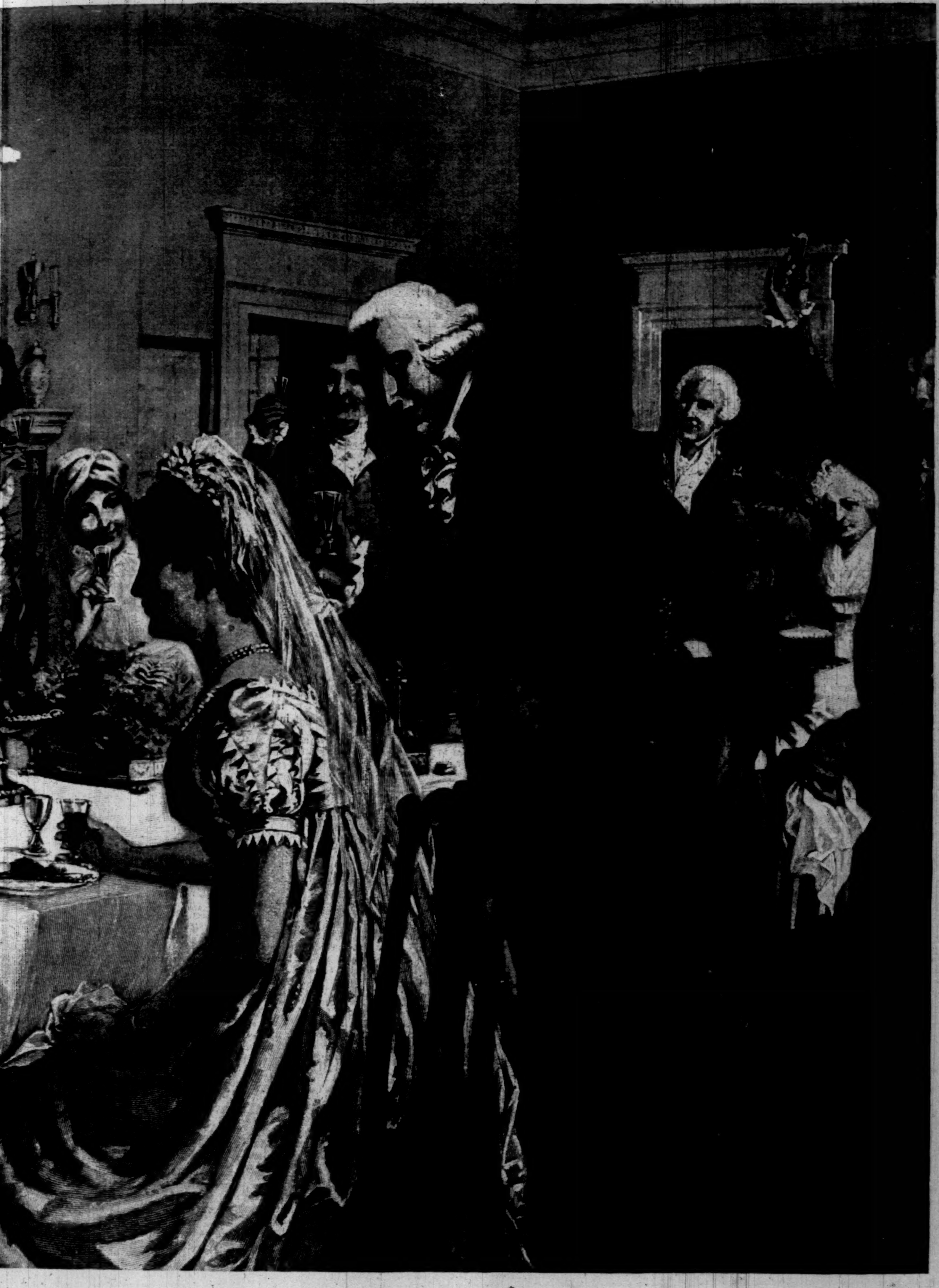
The question might well have provoked a smile, had not the serious and troubled face of the man forbidden it. I answered him by saying that I was in the civil prison during my stay in Richmond, and saw none of our soldiers, who were in the tobacco warehouse. And he then continued by saying, "My son John was in the Ball's Bluff fight, and is reported as missing, so that I don't know whether he was killed or is in prison." I made an effort to comfort him by saying that I hoped he was among the prisoners, and that in a few days he would have a list of



"I WAS ARRESTED AS A SPY BY A SERGEANT'S GUARD, WHICH ESCORTED ME TO A SMALL TAVERN ABOUT A MILE FROM THE FERRY."



WASHINGTON'S LAST BIRTHDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1799.—From



rom the Painting by H. A. Ogden.—[See "This Busy World," Page 175.]

them, so that he would hear of his whereabouts. The old gentleman thanked me and walked away. Two or three days afterwards, as I was going out of the hotel, I met this same man coming in, and naturally asked if he had heard anything about his son. He stopped, and standing erect as a statue, said, "Yes; I have heard that he is dead." After a moment's pause, which seemed almost an age to me, he continued: "I did not want John to go into the army, for he was only twenty-one years of age and engaged to be married. I advised and urged him all I could to marry, and told him, as an inducement, that I would give him money enough to start him in business; but he positively refused to heed my advice or accept my offer, and enlisted in the army." Another short but very painful pause, and then he concluded by saying: "*He would go*, and he has gone from me forever. Now I have but one son left, and he will have to enlist. If he *won't*, I *will*." He then turned on his heel and walked away without uttering another word. As I looked at his compressed lips and determined expression, I could not refrain from saying to myself, "Governor Winslow was right, and this is a case in point."

THE BRITISH CAMPAIGN IN INDIA.

GENERAL SIR WILLIAM LOCKHART, who had handed over the command of the Indian frontier field force to his successor, Sir Arthur Powell Palmer, with the intention of returning to England, whither he had been called by the British government to confer on the condition of the army and the advisability of continuing the campaign, has been obliged to defer his departure, owing to a disaster to one of his brigades and disquieting reports from across the frontier. In the mean time the British War Office has, so it is stated in correspondence from England, called for a collective report by the different commanding officers in the Tirah campaign, in addition to the report Sir William Lockhart will make, in order to have as complete an expression of opinion as possible on the whole subject.

Letters from India state that there are unmistakable symptoms that, unless public opinion in England pronounces authoritatively against it, the forward policy is to be taken up and pushed to the conclusion intended in the last Afghan war. It now transpires that but for the insuperable difficulties of that campaign and the miscalculation of the Afghan resistance, the scientific frontier, about which there was so much talk at the time, would have been established. No indications were given as to where that frontier was to be drawn, and the vagueness of the phrase left it open to speculation. There is now, however, no longer any reserve on the subject, and the line that was in the minds of the men who put the phrase into the mouth of Lord Beaconsfield turns out to be that of the Helmund, to be covered by the British occupation of Kabul, Ghazni, and Kandahar. What view of the matter the Ameer of Afghanistan and his people may take does not appear to be thought worthy of consideration. The presumed interest of England in India is the justification for carrying out the scheme of the Kabul-Ghazni-Kandahar line, and an authority on the question frankly says, in a communication to the London *Times*, that if the Ameer cannot be convinced that it is to his interest that British armies should have free access to Afghanistan, the sooner his attitude in the matter is known the better. It was about fourteen years ago that a suggestion appeared in an English paper that this very line, now proclaimed as the scientific boundary of India, was the ultimate limit of both the Russian and British advance in that part of Asia; but the British Foreign Office denied the existence of any idea of the kind. This was naturally to be expected. It would not have been politic to let the Ameer think that such a policy was entertained, especially after Lord Roberts had apparently given in his adhesion to that laid down by Lord Lawrence in his celebrated despatch of January, 1869, in which he said:

> Our true policy, our strongest security, would then, we conceive, be found in previous abstinence from entanglements at either Kabul, Kandahar, or any similar outpost, in full reliance on a compact, highly equipped, and disciplined army stationed within our own territories, or on our own border; in the contentment if not the attachment of the masses; and in the sense of security of title and possession, with which our policy is gradually imbuing the minds of the principal chiefs and the native aristocracy.

But this policy was too tame and unexciting for the men thirsting for military distinction and weary of the monotony of administrative work and ordinary garrison life, and the forward policy, so far from being killed, was hardly even scotched. The onward movements of the Russians, through the spaces intervening between the eastern shores of the Caspian Sea and the Afghan territory, were the arguments on which the adherents of the forward school relied to obtain the adhesion of the British public to their views. In their treatment of the question, they include Afghanistan within the sphere of Indian defence, and for this purpose they call for the right to move British troops freely about within the recognized boundaries of the Ameer's dominions, with a threat, that can scarcely be called veiled, should he refuse to accede to their demands. At the same time they pretend to have a care for the rights and interests of the Ameer, whose territory they propose to occupy, but their expression of it is couched in phraseology that to accept it unreservedly would require one less versed in Oriental statecraft than the Ameer. He is less likely than ever, after he learns the meaning and locality of the scientific frontier, as he probably has by this time, to lend an ear to any suggestions leading to the entry of British troops into his territory. He is no doubt fully acquainted with the terms of the Memorandum of Sir Robert Sandeman, written in 1890, in which the latter says:

> Treat the Ameer with all fairness and honesty; be conciliatory in all matters in which conciliation is compatible with our own vital interests; but at the same time, where the welfare and even the existence of the British Empire in India are at stake, we must be firm in protecting them if necessity arise, and in insisting on their recognition.... It is an absolute military necessity that we should defend the Kabul, Ghazni, and Kandahar line in Afghanistan in case of war with Russia. Were this not the case, I would be an advocate of masterly inactivity instead of conciliatory intervention, and I should consider it a mistake to make any attempt to include within our control the fringe of independent tribes which lie between ourselves and Afghanistan proper.

At the time this Memorandum was written a Conservative government was in power in England, with a not very strong man at the head of the Indian Department. The forward policy was again reviving, and though a Liberal government was in office for a time after that, the period was too brief in which to give its Indian policy a decisive direction, and indeed there is some reason to believe, from the existence of a private telegram about the Chitral policy of the Viceroy, sent to him on May 30, 1895, by Sir Henry Fowler, the last Liberal Secretary of State for India, which has been ruthlessly given to the light by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, that he had been drawn within the attraction of the forward policy. The wording of the telegram is—

> [Private.]
>
> CHITRAL.
>
> No doubt you have considered probable charge of inconsistency between terms of your proclamation to tribes and policy advocated in your despatch of May 8. As strong feeling on this subject exists here, I should be glad if you would telegraph privately any observations or explanations which occur to you.

The Liberal ministry fell a few weeks after the despatch of this telegram, and the "inconsistency" to which Sir Henry Fowler alluded developed into the "breach of faith" policy, as it has been termed, which stirred all the frontier tribes to strike for the maintenance of the independence which their instinct told them was threatened.

It is now perfectly plain that the recent campaign against the tribes has not been a success. It has been punitive in a double sense, and, had not the British forces been withdrawn when they were, on account of the inability of the native troops to stand the cold, might have been disastrous. The ever-present difficulty in these campaigns among the Afghan mountains and the frontier country is the excessive heat of summer and the rigorous cold of the winter, in either of which one portion of a mixed army of British and native troops is bound to suffer.

According to the belief prevailing in India, the intention of the planners of the campaign now suspended was to obtain permanent control and occupation of the mountains flanking the Khyber Pass, and push a force through to the exit close to the Afghan frontier, within easy reach of Jelalabad, from where a road runs up the valley down which flows the Kunar River, that rises in the Chitral country. There appears to have been an intention, so it is also stated, to press any difficulty with the Ameer to extremes, and then take advantage of the circumstances to advance from Quetta to Kandahar simultaneously with a forward movement at the other points of the line.

The effective resistance of the tribes and the very great difficulties of transport the moment touch is lost with the railways have, for the present, broken down this plan, and the condition of India will render it imperative on the British government to find the funds for its further prosecution, if that should be decided on. In other words, the British tax-payers will have to pay the cost of the forward policy, which may incline them to ask for an explanation of the bill—a thing which both the British government and the administration in India are studiously anxious to avoid giving. Meanwhile the problem of how to restore the prestige lost through the failure of the Tirah campaign remains to be faced. The Ameer of Afghanistan has been, according to all reports, most careful to avoid giving the British government the slightest pretext for accusing him even of want of fidelity to his engagements. He has almost ostentatiously asked for advice as to what reply he was to make to the deputations which the tribes have sent asking for aid. At the same time his gun and ammunition factories have been kept busily at work turning out supplies for his army, the regular force of which is estimated at about 60,000 men, with another 120,000 good fighting-men to draw upon, without counting local levies. His resources in every respect are superior to those of his predecessor when war was declared against him in 1879, and with the growth of his power his determination to maintain his independence has proportionately increased. How far he has been cognizant of the traffic in arms and ammunition that has apparently been going on through Afghanistan between Persia and the frontier tribes it is impossible to say, but it is certain that Birmingham has contributed directly, though perhaps unintentionally, to the failure of the frontier campaign.

The traffic appears to have been carried on from some point on the Persian coast through southern Persia, Beluchistan, and Afghanistan, and the price of the Lee-Metfords and Martinis, with their ammunition, must have been considerably enhanced between the time they left Birmingham in England and the time they found their way into the hands of the Afridis on the Tirah mountains. It is the possession of these weapons and the presence of so many of their countrymen among them who have been trained in the native regiments in the Indian army that rendered complete victory for the British forces impossible. It is difficult to see what course the British government can follow, after the failure to subdue these tribes, except to renew the campaign with increased forces so soon as the season permits, and carry it through to the end.

A conciliatory policy now appears impossible while the tribes retain their arms, and the sentiment of revenge for their losses in life and property is still fresh. But it would be very inconvenient, to say the least, for the British government, in the present uncertain aspect of its relations with other countries, to have the flower of its army in India struggling among the passes and defiles of the frontier mountain ranges, with the Ameer of Afghanistan prepared to resist its advance into his territory. To advance under such circumstances would involve a struggle the issue of which might be even less favorable than that of the last war. A retreat back to India, with the mountaineers dogging every step, might be as disastrous as was that of 1842.

The consequence of the failure of the Indian government to achieve success in the campaign just suspended must be regarded with the grimmest satisfaction at St. Petersburg, if any hostile intentions are entertained there against British rule in India. The forward men in India have destroyed the barrier against a Russian advance that a broad acceptance of the policy of Lord Lawrence would have made impregnable to assault from without. The Russian troops reported to be assembling on the line of the Oxus and at other points on the Afghan border would not need to be moved a step across the frontier so long as the British troops refrain from entering Afghanistan. Should they do so contrary to the wish of the Ameer, the Russians would march in as friends, and the struggle invited by the advocates of the forward policy would have begun, and would have to be fought out under circumstances that could hardly be less favorable for England than the present.

The Russians are known to be actively preparing for important operations in Central Asia. They are increasing their transport flotilla that plies on the Oxus between the railway bridge at Charjui and the Afghan frontier, from where there are several roads leading to Kabul. By these means the transport of men and material to the frontier is made easy. The railway now begun from Merv to Kushk on the Murghab, within easy marching distance of Herat, will be completed in a comparatively short time. The movement of Russian troops through Central Asia is not open to the risks that would attend the transport of British troops to India by sea, and the conditions generally are more favorable. It is all these considerations that no doubt will weigh in the councils of the Ameer of Afghanistan as well as of the British government. He certainly has no reason for allowing one or other of his neighbors to be the first to enter his territory, and thereby give the other the pretext for doing the same. The day they both enter, the independence of Afghanistan will vanish, ground out between the upper and nether millstones of British and Russian interests, which, if one or other of them did not absorb the whole of the country, would be reconciled by the partition of Afghanistan, with the frontier drawn down the valley of the Helmund in advance of the Kabul-Ghazni-Kandahar line, with a railway from Peshawur to Kabul, and that from Quetta prolonged to Kandahar. The northern end of this frontier would rest on the Hindu Kush range, and the southern end pass through a desert.

This is the ideal scientific frontier of which Lord Beaconsfield spoke, and for which the forward party in India, that appears now to control the administration, is striving. But, under the circumstances developed in the first stages of the attempt to reach it, the British tax-payers see that, whatever may be said as to the cost of the operations, they will have to bear the ultimate burden in men and money, which will be neither light nor small. There is therefore just a chance left that the money question, if no other, may prevent the consummation of what, from this distance, would seem to be a fatuous step on the part of the British Indian administration. A free and independent Afghanistan is a cheap and effective defence of India. If it did not already exist, it would be the policy of a sensible government in England to create it. On the other hand, a scientific frontier such as described means costly fortresses with expensive garrisons in the midst of hostile populations, and behind them an impoverished and discontented population.

THE WHITE WOOD'S WINE.

PUNGENT fir and frost and shine
Go to make the white wood's wine—
Wine of the North, that's in the air
Of upland woods, snow-hushed and fair,
Of swamps where snow and cedar-tree
Show pure green-white like a wintry sea.

This wine for thirst of sinewy lynx;
This wine the shaggy moose bull drinks;
The red deer tastes, and grows more fleet;
And it's got into the white hare's feet.

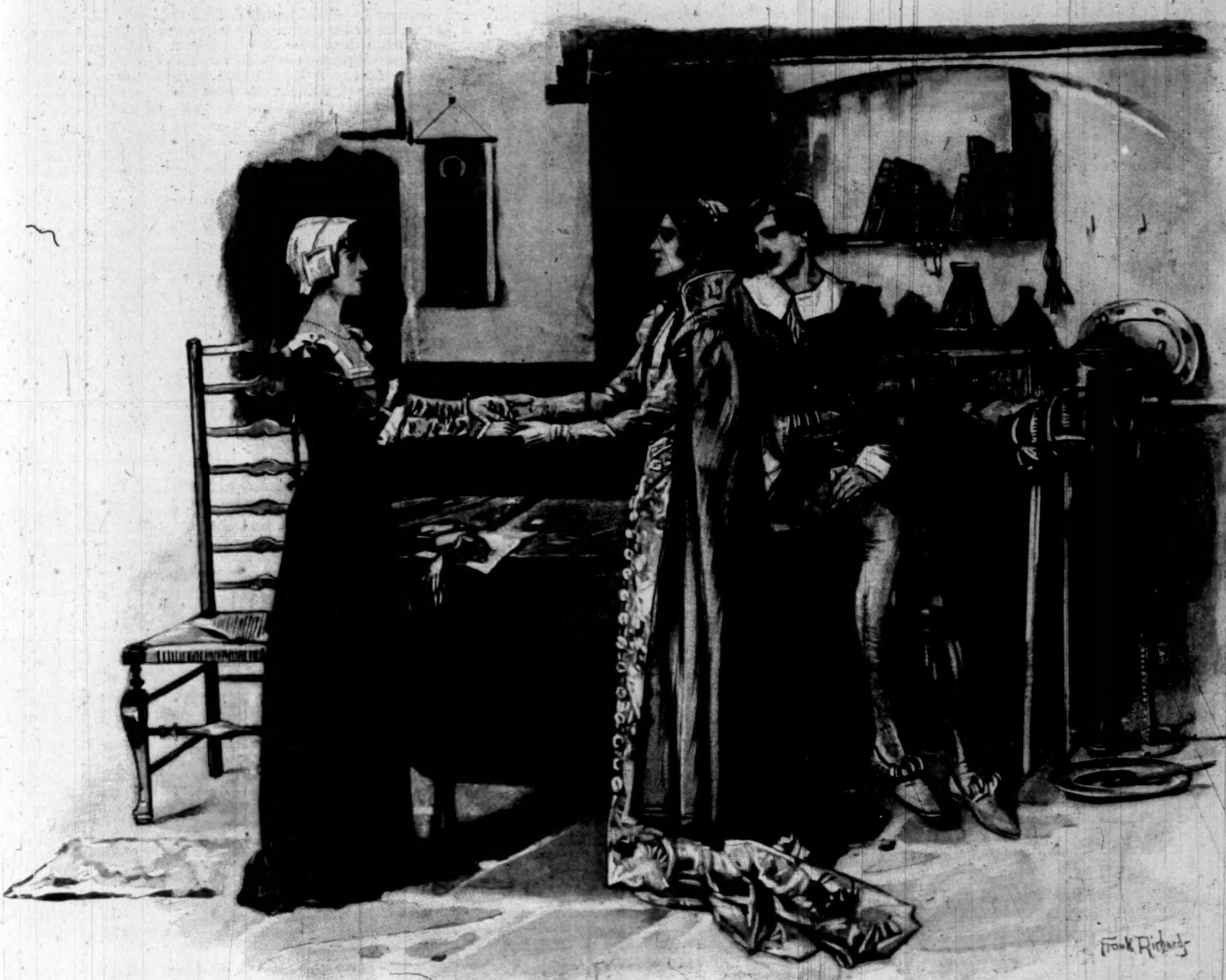
A spirit, a force, that's half divine
Is yours—O drinkers of white wood wine!

FRANCIS STERNE PALMER.

BOGUS MUSICAL HISTORY.

WHAT shall we do with these makers of lachrymose musical history? Shall we forgive them utterly because they may enlist a philistine interest in the personality of a composer or artist, otherwise not quickened? But they need not gild refined gold, nor paint the lily. Here is a story, originating in no less responsible a periodical than *Temple Bar*, steadily making its rounds from newspaper to newspaper all winter, and, as yet, rich in the vitality that sentimental stuff, true or false, seems to possess. The author is a lady; and she is telling circumstantially a most languishing tale of Beethoven's closing hours. She sends Beethoven "from Baden to Vienna," in consequence of a letter from his dissolute nephew Carl, "so poor that the journey is made on foot." Overcome with fatigue, the composer seeks shelter in a peasants' hut. He shares their meagre supper. A family concert follows, and "after it is over," Beethoven finds that the Allegretto from the Seventh Symphony was played. He proposes "to finish the piece" (evidently the author of this lovely fiction confuses the movement of the Symphony with the whole work), declares himself to the household, and plays on the humble piano-forte in the cottage. Next, he dies, the guest of its owners, with the friends "sent for" from Vienna standing around him, and the words, "After all, Hummel, I must have had some talent." Mark how plain a tale shall set down Miss Alice Quarry's muddle of this factitious stuff. Beethoven did not leave Vienna and his old lodgings in the "Schwarzspanierhaus" (near to-day's Votiv Kirche) for months previous to his death, except for a visit to his brother's house at Baden (a town near Vienna, and not Baden the German spa), and he came back from it in a country vehicle—though not in a post-chaise. He did not walk, and he journeyed directly. Every minute was occupied with hard work, and with suffering from his chronic malady. He was in tolerably comfortable circumstances, and he left to the ungrateful Carl a considerable sum in bank shares. His end was slow in coming, and he was affectionately surrounded by his friends, and by many new ones, including Moscheles, Breuning, and Schindler. Hummel, a boy of fifteen years only, was presented to him by Hiller on March 8, but, needless to say, no such remark as that above reported was made. On the 24th of March, 1827, he received the sacraments, and a state of coma ensued until the moment of his death, as night was closing in on the 26th. So much for the difference between falsehood and verity.

E. I. S.



THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

Author of "Lochinvar," "The Gray Man," "The Stickit Minister," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER XV.

THE LITTLE PLAYMATE SETTLES ACCOUNTS.

BUT I admit that the smile discouraged me. Nevertheless, I proceeded gallantly.

"Ah, Jungfrau Texel," said I, "you cannot know how your presence brightens our lives here in the Red Tower. Wherefore will you not come oftener to our grim abode?"

I thought that, on the whole, pretty well; but, looking up at Helene, I saw that her smile (so different from that of the Io-Cow Katrin) had become a whole volume of scathing satire. God wot, it is not easy to make love to a lass when your "Little Sister" is listening—especially to a woman-mountain set on watch springs like Katrin Texel.

But, after all, Katrin was noways averse to love-making of any kind, which, after all, is the main thing. And as for the Little Playmate, I did not mind her a bonnet-tag. She had brought it upon herself.

Michael Texel indeed!

So I went on. It was excellent sport—such a jest as may not be played every day. I would show Mistress Helene (so I said to myself) whether she would like it any better if I made love to Katrin than if I went over on an occasional wet day to clean pistolets and oil musketoons in Christian's guard-house.

So I began to tell Katrin how that woman was the sacredest influence on the life of man, with other things as I could recollect them out of a book of chivalry which I had been reading, the fine sentiments of which it was a pity to waste. For our Helene would have stamped her foot and boxed my ears for coming nigh her with such nonsense (that is, at that time she would, doubtless—not, however, always). And as for the lass over the way—Christian's Elsa—she knew no more of letters than her father knew of the mathematics. Plain kissing was more in her way, as I have been told.

So I aired my book of chivalry to Katrin Texel.

"Fair maid," said I, "have you heard the refrain of the song that I love so well? It is like sweet music to me to hear it—I love sweet music. This is the latest catch:

'My true love hath my heart and I have his.'

How goes it, Helene?" I asked, turning to her as she stood smiling bitterly by the window. For I knew that it would annoy her to be referred to. "Goes it not something like this?"

And I hummed, fairly enough:

"'My true love hath my heart and I have his.'"

"An it goes like that," said she, quickly; "it goeth like a tomcat mollrowing on the tiles in the middle of the night."

Now, this being manifestly only spiteful, I took no notice of it. "Helene does not love good music," said I; "'tis her only fault. But I trust that you, dear Katrin, have a greater taste for angelic song?"

"And I trust you love to scratch upon the twangling zither as cats sharpen their claws upon the bark of trees? You love such music, *dear* Katrin, do you not?" cried Helene over her shoulder from the window.

But Katrin, the divine cow, knew not what to make of us. I think she was of the opinion that Helene and I, with much study upon books, had suddenly gone mad.

"I do indeed love music," she said at last, uncertainly; "but, Master Hugo, not the kind of which my gossip Helene speaks. I love best of all a ballad of love sung sweetly, as from a lover by the wall to his mistress aloft in the balcony, like that of the lover of Italy, who sings,

'O words that fall like summer dew on me!'

How goes it?

'O breath more sweet than is the growing—the growing—'"

She paused, and waved her hand as if to summon the words from the empty air.

"The growing garlic, if it be a lover of Italy," cried Helene, still more spitefully. "This is enough and to spare of chivalry, besides which Hugo hath his lesson to learn for Friar Laurence, or else he will repent it on the morrow. Come, sweetheart, let us be going. I will e'en convoy thee home."

So she spoke, making great ostentation of her own superiority, treating me as a lad that must learn his horn-book at school.

But I was even with her for all that.

"And so farewell, then, dear Mistress Katrin," said I. "The delicate pleasure of your presence shall be followed by the still more tender remembrance which, when you are gone, my heart shall continue to cherish of you."

That was, indeed, well minded. A whole sentence out of my romance-book without a single slip. Katrin bowed, with the airy grace of the Grand-Duke's monument out in the square. But the little Helene swept majestically off, muttering to herself, but so that I could not hear her. "'O wondrous, most wondrous,' quoth our cat Mall, when she saw her Tom betwixt her and the moon."

The application of which wise saw is indeed to seek.

So the two maids went away, and I betook me to the window to see if I could catch a glimpse of Christian's Elsa.

But I only saw Katrin and Helene going gossiping down the street, with their heads very close together.

At first I smiled, well pleased to think how excellently I had played my cards, and how daintily I had worked in those gallant speeches out of the book of chivalry. But by-and-by it struck me that the Little Playmate was absent a most unconscionable time. Could it be—Michael Texel? No, that at least was plainly impossible.

I got up and walked about. Then, for a change, I paused by the window.

I had stood a good while thus moodily looking out at the casement, when I became aware of two that walked slowly up the street and halted together before the door which led to the Red Tower.

By the thirty thousand virgins—Helene and Michael Texel!

And then, indeed, what a coil was I in; how blackly deceitful I called her! How keenly I watched for any token of understanding and kindness more than ordinary that might chance to pass between them! But I could see none; for though the great soft lout of a youth tried often to look under the brim of her hat, yet she kept her eyes down—only once that I could observe raising them, and that was more towards the Red Tower than in the direction of Michael Texel.

I think she wished to see whether I was watching. And when she saw it I wot well that she became much more animated, and laughed, and spoke quickly, with color in her cheeks and a flash of defiance in her countenance, which were manifestly wasted on such a boastful callow lout as Michael Texel.

Then it was: "Adieu to you, Master Texel!" "Farewell to you, fair maid!"

And Helene dipped a courtesy to him, dainty and sweet enough to conquer an angel, while the great jelly-bag shook himself almost to pieces in his eagerness to achieve a masterly bow. All this made me angry—not that I cared though Helene had coquetted with a dozen lads, an it had liked her. It was only the poverty of taste shown in being seen along with such an oaf as Michael Texel. He had first been my friend, it is true, but then at that time I had not found him out.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2141.

By-and-by Helene came up the stairs, tripping light as a feather that the wind blows. Perhaps she had turned in the doorway, where I could not see her, to throw the lout a kiss—so I thought, jealously.

"You have convoyed your gossip Katrin home in safety, I trust," said I, sweetly, as she came in.

"Yes," said she; "but I fear she has left her heart behind her. So wondrously rapid a courtship never did I see!"

"Save on the street," answered I; "and with a pale soft jack-pudding like Michael Texel! That was a sight, indeed."

At which Helene laughed a merry little laugh—well pleased, too, the minx, as I could see.

"What are courtships on the street to you, Sir Hugo," she returned, "with your 'Twinkle-Twankle' singing women over the way?—and, Lord, how went it?

> 'My true love hath my heart and I have his.'

Ha! ha! Sir Gallant, what need you with more? Would you have as many loves as the Grand Turk, and invent new love-makings for each of them? Shall we lasses petition Duke Casimir to banish all the other lads of the town, and leave only Hugo Gottfried for all of us?"

And then she went on to other such silly talk that I think it not worth reporting.

So I was about to leave the room in a transport of just indignation, and that without speaking, when Helene called to me.

"Hugo!" she said, very softly, as she alone could speak, and that only when it liked her to make friends.

I turned me about with some dignity, but knowing well that it was all over with me.

"Well, what may be your will, madam?" said I.

Helene came towards me with uplifted, petitionary eyes.

"You are not going to be angry with me, Hugo!" she said. And she lifted her eyes again upon me—irresistible, compelling, solvent of dignities, and able to break down all pride.

Oh, all ye men who have never seen my Helene look up thus at you, but only common other eyes, go and hang yourselves on high trees for very envy. Well, as I say, Helene looked up at me! She kept looking up at me.

And I—well, I hung a moment on my pride, and then—clasped her in my arms.

"Dear minx, thrice wicked one!" I exclaimed, "wherefore do you torment me—break my heart?"

"Because," said she, escaping as soon as she had gained her pretty rascal way, "you think yourself so clever, Hugo, such an irresistible person, that you must be forever running to this window and getting this book of chivalry by heart. Now you are going to be cross again. Oh, shame! and with your little sister—

> 'That never did you any harm,
> But killed the mice in your father's barn.'"

With such babyish words she talked the frowns off my face, or, when they would not go fast enough, reaching up and smoothing them away with her finger.

"Now," she said, setting her head to the side, "what a nice sweet Great Brother! Let him sit down here on the great chair."

So I sat down, well pleased enough, not knowing what mischief the pranksome maid had in her head now, but judging that the matter might turn out well for me.

Then Helene stole round to the back of the chair, and taking me by the ears, she gave first one and then the other of them a pull.

"That," she said, pulling the right, "is for listening to the little cat over the way that squalls on the tiles! And *that*" (giving the other a sound tug) "is for being a dandiprat when my gossip Katrin was here!"

She paused a moment, as if to summon courage, and then she stooped quickly and kissed me on the neck.

"And *that* for Michael Texel!" she cried, and ran out of the room before I could get clear of the wide arms of the chair and so run after and catch her.

She turned in the doorway and wafted me a kiss from her finger-tips, airily and a little mockingly.

"That for Hugo Gottfried!" she said, and was off to her own chamber with the *frou-frou* of a silk skirt, the slam of a door, and the shooting of a bolt.

And after all that, it was heart's pity that ever anything should have come between us again, even for a moment.

Though, indeed, it was but for a moment.

CHAPTER XVI.

TWO WOMEN—AND A MAN.

It was the morning of a Sunday—a dull, sleepy time in all countries, and one difficult to get overpast. I was, as usual, busy with my accoutrement, recently bought with the loan of Master Gerard. The Little Playmate was just returned from the cathedral, and had indeed scarcely laid her finery aside, when there came a loud knocking at the outer gate of the Red Tower. Then one of the guard tramped stolidly from the wicket to the door of our dwelling.

"A lady waits you at the postern," said he, and so tramped his way unceremoniously back to his post.

I knew without any need of telling that it was the Lady Ysolinde. So I rose, and hastily setting my fingers through my hair, I went to the gate. There, attended by the respectable servitor, was, as I had expected, the Lady Ysolinde.

"Good-morrow," she said, very courteously, to me, and I duly returned her greeting with a low obeisance of respect and welcome.

She wore a large garment fashioned like a man's cloak over her festal attire, which, with a hood for the head, wholly enveloped her figure and descended to her feet.

"I have come, as I promised, to see the Little Playmate." These were her first words, as we paced together across the wide upper court under the wondering eyes of the men of the Duke's body-guard.

"Pray remember, Lady Ysolinde," said I, with much eagerness, "that I have said nothing of the matter to Helene, and that my father only knows that I am to ride to Plassenburg in order to exercise myself in the practice of arms before becoming his assistant here in the Red Tower, and in the Hall of Judgment across the way."

My visitor nodded a little impatiently. She, who knew so many things, of a surety understood so much without being told.

In the inner doorway Helene met us. And never had it been my fortune to see the meeting of two such women. The Little Playmate had in her hands the long Flemish gloves and the little illuminated Book of the Hours which I had given her. She had been about to lay them away together, as is the fashion of women. And when she met the Lady Ysolinde I declare that she looked almost as tall. Helene was perhaps an inch or two less in stature than her visitor, but what she lacked she more than made up in the supple erectness of her carriage and the extraordinary alertness of all her movements.

"Lady Ysolinde," said I, as they met one another with the mutually level eyeshot of women who measure one another, "this is Helene—whom, for love and kindliness, we call the 'Little Playmate.'"

The daughter of Master Gerard impetuously threw back the gray monk's hood which shrouded the masses of her tawny hair. She put out both her hands to Helene, held her a moment at arm's-length to look into her eyes, even as she had done with me, but in a different way. Then, drawing her nearer, she leaned forward and kissed her on the brow and on both cheeks.

Now I am not ordinarily a close observer, and many things, especially things that pertain to the acts of women, pass by me unnoticed. But I saw in a moment that there was not, and never could be, more than the semblance of cordial amity between these two women.

I saw the Little Playmate instinctively quiver like a taken bird when she was thus embraced. It was, I think, the undying antipathy of Eve for Lilith, a hatred which is mostly on the side of Eve, the Mother Woman, its place being taken by sharper and more dangerous envy in the breast of the Lilith without the wall.

There, face to face, stood the two women who were to make my life, ruling it between them, striking it out between the impact of their natures, as underneath the blows of two smiths upon the ringing anvil, the iron, hissing-hot, becomes a sword or a ploughshare.

It was impossible to avoid contrasting them.

Helene, of a bodily beauty infinitely more desirable, bloomful with radiant health, the blush of youth and conscious loveliness upon her lips and looking out under the crisp entanglement of her hair, simple purity and straightness of soul in the fearless innocency of her eyes: the Lady Ysolinde, deeper taught in all the mysteries of existence, more conscious of power, not so beautiful, but oftentimes giving the impression of beauty more strongly than her fairer rival; compact of swift delicate graces, half feline, half feminine (if these two be not the same); all these, passing like clouds over the unquiet sea of her nature, reflecting the changing skies of circumstance, were fitted to produce a fascination ever on the verge of repulsion even when it was strongest. Ysolinde was ever ready of speech, but her words were touched constantly with dainty malice and clawed with subtle spite. She catspawed with men and things, often setting the hidden spur under the velvet foot deeply into that which she seemed to caress. Such as I read them then and largely, as even now I understand them, were the two women who moulded between them my life's story.

I suppose it is because I am of this Baltic North that I must need think things round, and prose of reasons and explanations—even concerning beautiful maids, forever dreaming and dividing, instead of going straight, sword in hand, for their hearts, as is the way of the folk from the English land over seas, or simply lying about their favors, which, I hear, is mostly the Frenchman's way.

But enough of intolerable theory.

Instinctively the Lady Ysolinde spoke to our maid of the Red Tower in a manner and tone different from that which I had ever yet heard her employ, at once more equal and more guarded.

"I was told by Master Hugo Gottfried here (whose acquaintance I made at my father's house on the day after the foolish boy's prank of the White Swan) that here in the Red Tower of the Wolfsberg dwelt one of mine own age, like myself a maid solitary among men. So to-day I have come to solicit her acquaintance, and to ask her to be kind to me, who have ever been in this city and country as a stranger in a strange land."

It was prettily enough said, and our Helene, easily touched, and perhaps a little ashamed of her first stiffness, put out a hand, which the other quickly and securely clasped. Then those two sat down together. Ysolinde von Sturm kept her eye fixed on the Playmate, but our shy and slender Helene looked steadily past her, out over the tumbled red roofs and gables of the city of Thorn to the Wolfmark plains which lay spread out beneath our windows.

At intervals, as it came near the hour of their mid-day meal, the blood-hounds howled in the kennels, and by their tone I knew that my father had left the Hall of Judgment, where he had been detained all the morning. Also, I knew very well that the Lady Ysolinde wished me to go out, in order that she might talk alone with her companion. But I saw also the appeal in the eyes of the Playmate, and I was resolved not to give her the chance.

"Are you never weary in this dull tower?" asked the lawyer's daughter, still holding the Playmate's hand.

"It is not dull," replied Helene. "I have my work. There are two men as shiftless and helpless as babes to attend to, and none to help me but old Hanne."

"Let men attend to themselves," cried Ysolinde; "that is ever my motto. They ought to be our servants, not we theirs."

It was said smilingly, yet there was bitterness under the words as well.

"But," said Helene, smiling back at her with a fresh directness all her own, "one of the men saved my life, and brought me up as his own daughter, and the other is—is Hugo, here."

And as she spoke of my father and of me, I saw the eyes of the Lady Ysolinde fixed upon her as it had been to read her inner soul.

"And, by-the-way," she said at last, after a long pause, "you have heard how this same Master Hugo proposes to himself to escape from the prison-house of this city, for a season exercise himself in arms, and in roving adventure fulfil that which is not granted to a maid, his wandering years. He goes (so my father told me) to the Court of the Prince of Plassenburg, with the promise of a company to command. And I am glad, for I shall ride thither with him, under his escort. Indeed, and in truth, my home is far more there than here in Thorn. But I would fain have a companion of my own sex; so I have come to beg of you, Mistress Helene, that you will accompany me. The Princess, I know, has great need of a maid of honor near her person, and will gladly welcome a friend of mine for the post."

The Little Playmate looked up astonished, as well she might, at this direct assault, which was spoken with a pretty shamefacedness and the air of asking too great a favor. And, indeed, if there was any patronage in the thing offered, it was at least carefully kept out of the manner of asking.

"Lady Ysolinde, I cannot accept your too overpowering favor," said Helene, after a pause, "but your kindness in thinking at all of me will always warm my heart."

At this critical moment came my father in, looking more than ordinarily grave and severe, so that I judged at once that he had been talking to the Duke Casimir, and had found his post of chief adviser more than ordinarily difficult. I knew it could be no matter of his office which worried him, for he wore his holiday attire of white Friesland cloth, and the broad bonnet in which I loved best to see him. There was no mark of his calling about him anywhere, save a little Red Axe sewed upon his left breast like a veteran's decoration.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

St. Valentine's day in the old times possessed a popular significance that we of these degenerate days of filigree paper and printed rhymes can hardly appreciate. Popular tradition had it that the birds mated upon the good bishop's natal day, apropos of which Old Drayton, in Shakespeare's time, writing a verse to his "Valentine," begins his pastoral thus:

> "Muse, bid the morn awake;
> Sad winter now declines;
> Each bird doth choose a mate;
> This day's St. Valentine's"—

and so forth, to his mistress's eyes, lips, and other charms.

Following these supposed habits of the feathered creatures, it became by-and-by a custom in the generation or so following for the men and women of that day to choose each his or her Valentine, to whom he or she was supposed to remain mated for the rest of the year. The gentleman generally entered into the compact with a poetic effusion and a gift, of more or less value, to the lady of his choice, and for the twelvemonth following he was supposed to devote himself exclusively to his chosen mate.

Usually the element of accident entered not a little into the choosing of the Valentine, for the first man and the first woman who met in the morning were supposed to remain Valentines and mated for the year to follow.

As witness to this, Gay, writing early in the eighteenth century, and beginning with the same theme that inspired Old Drayton—

> "Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
> Their paramours, with mutual chirpings, find"—

says,

> "Thee first I spied—and the first swain we see
> In spite of Fortune shall our true love be."

Old Pepys in his immortal Diary—that great reservoir of dead and bygone gossip—gives us a number of glimpses into the Valentine's day of his time.

Once, mounting to the Olympian altitude of the gossip of White Hall, he tells us, apropos of Miss Stuart (afterward Duchess of Richmond), that "The Duke of York being her Valentine, did give her a jewel of about £800; and my Lord Mandeville, her Valentine this year, a ring of about £300." Descending thence to the platitudes of his own private affairs, the good gentleman tells us very soberly that "I am also this year my wife's Valentine, and it will cost me £5"; and adds, naïvely, "but that I must have laid out if we had not been Valentines."

In another entry in his Journal he tells us how his wife hid her eyes lest she should see the masons working about the house, and so should miss choosing her proper Valentine; and in another place informs us that "My wife, hearing Mr. Moore's voice in my dressing-chamber, got herself ready, and came down and challenged him for her Valentine."

From all of which we of these days may catch a certain remote notion of the importance of St. Valentine's day in those far-distant old times so long passed away and gone.

As illustrating the importance of this one-time notable feast-day, Miss Mhoon has given a pictured image of the transplantation of the custom of the time into Puritan New England of, say, the year 1655.

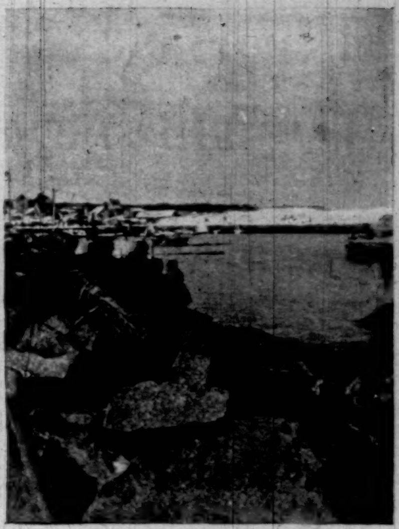
We know what strong testimony the Puritans bore against the puddings and the "meat pies" (probably the mince pie of our day), and all the jocularities of the old Christmas season, and we also know that they made a point of studiously ignoring the anniversary of the King's birthday. It is altogether likely they would look with even less favor upon the suggestive levities of Valentine's day.

The somewhat seedy Cavalier, who is doubtless offering the Puritan maiden an effusion in these, in which dove is made to rhyme with love, and eyes with skies, and dart with heart, has perhaps been spending the whole long winter in the dull, cold little settlement for the sake of escaping, let us say, from the pressure of his debts at home. One can imagine how greatly a man of his parts must have been wasted in such surroundings as the picture indicates. As for the Puritan maiden, either her heart inclines more kindly toward the young Presbyterian minister who, clad in black, and with a voluminous theological volume under his arm, regards the pleasantries of the stranger with such manifest mislikings—either this, or else she has been so well brought up that even a Cavalier in a red cloak and with high London manners cannot melt her reserve. Who shall say? The ways of women are passing strange!

I confess to a sympathy for the poor Cavalier fellow, and wish that a good tight ship may be lading with sassafras-wood at some near-by port, and that he may thence get a safe passage back to England again, and into more congenial surroundings. Howard Pyle.

WRECK IN GLOUCESTER HARBOR.

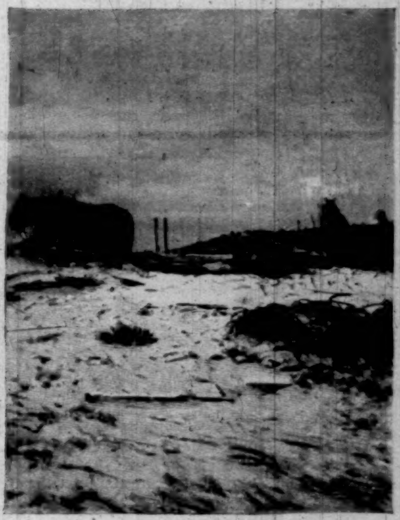
WRECK OF THREE-MASTED SCHOONER NEAR MAGNOLIA, DAY AFTER THE STORM.



WRECKAGE AT PIGEON COVE.

SCENE IN GLOUCESTER HARBOR.

WRECKAGE ON THE MAGNOLIA SHORE.



HAULING OFF WRECKAGE ON THE MAGNOLIA SHORE.

EFFECTS OF THE GREAT STORM ON CAPE ANN, MASSACHUSETTS.—[SEE PAGE 174.]

Miss Bryan. General John C. Black. Fred. W. Job, Hawaiian Consul. Major Iaukea, A.D.C. to Pres. of Hawaii. Judge Grosscup. Thomas W. Cridler, Third Asst. Sec'y of State. Charles Page Bryan, Minister to Brazil. Mrs. Brooke. Major-General Brooke. Hon. Francis M. Hatch, Minister of Hawaii.

Hon. Thomas B. Bryan, Pres. Union League Club. Mrs. John C. Black. Mrs. Thomas B. Bryan. Com'r. Phelps, U.S.N. President Dole. Major Heistand, U.S.A. Mrs. Dole. Mrs Grosscup.

THE PRESIDENT OF HAWAII'S VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES—PRESIDENT DOLE AND THE CHICAGO RECEPTION COMMITTEE AT THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB.—[SEE PAGE 175.]

BRIGHT SKIES IN THE WEST

BY

FRANKLIN MATTHEWS

IV.—WHAT HARD TIMES TAUGHT THE FARMERS OF THE MIDDLE WEST.

IT should be recorded, in strict regard for truth, that in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-seven Corn ceased to be King in Kansas. The empire was overthrown by a revolution, and that revolution consisted of changes in farming methods. To go back further in the logic of events, it is truthful to say that the hard times in a great measure brought about these changes and developed the new farming in the Middle West. In his report in March, 1896, the secretary of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture said,

"In no year of the State's history has the value of the wheat approached in magnitude that of the same year's corn."

That statement was true then. In the twenty-five years closing with the year 1895 the average annual value of the Kansas corn crop was $31,000,000, and the total value of the corn raised in those years was the enormous sum of $776,000,000. The crop in 1896 was worth $35,000,000. It had been worth as much in one year as $52,000,000. In 1897 it was worth $28,000,000, a falling off of $7,000,000 in a year of plenty from the crop of the previous year. The wheat crop for the year 1897, according to the State statistics, was worth $34,000,000. Up to last year it was noteworthy that when there was a decline in the corn crop there was no decided increase in the wheat crop. In 1896 the wheat crop of the State was worth only $13,000,000. Corn for that year was worth $35,000,000. In 1895 wheat was worth $7,000,000; corn, $46,000,000. In 1894 the wheat was worth $11,000,000; corn, $25,000,000. In 1893 wheat was worth $10,000,000; corn, $32,000,000. But in the year 1897 wheat jumped past corn, and these figures, issued by the State Department of Agriculture, show it. Value of 51,000,000 bushels of wheat, $34,000,000; value of 152,000,000 bushels of corn, $28,000,000.

Corn was dethroned in Kansas then and there. No crop of importance in the State had ever shown such a percentage of increase in one year as the wheat of 1897. The increase in production was a little more than 100 per cent., and the increase in value was almost 160 per cent. over the previous year. Corn fell off in production, not in price, but was displaced as the leading crop of the State. It may have been a mere coincidence that prosperity for the Kansas farmer arrived at the same time, thus enabling Governor Leedy to say, in his Thanksgiving proclamation,

"The attacks upon the State, to which it has been so long subject, have been discontinued, and the reputation of Kansas is again as good as its character always has been."

The great lesson shown by the dethronement of corn in Kansas is that the farmers of the State are diversifying their crops. To put it in another way, they are no longer carrying all their eggs in one basket. Although it has not paid to raise corn exclusively for several years, the Kansas farmers kept on doing so. The hot winds in 1890 and 1894 reduced the crops to almost nothing, and in the other years the low prices had practically the same effect upon the farmer. Still, the farmer kept raising corn. It had become second nature to him. It was cheaper to burn it as fuel than to sell it, but there was one thing in its favor: it could be fed to cattle, hogs, and poultry, and these could furnish food, at least for the farmer. He could live during the hard times and the low prices, even if he could not pay interest.

Feeding the corn to live-stock had one other important effect. The Hon. T. A. Hubbard, president of the Kansas Swine-Breeders' Association, called attention to it in 1895, when he said, "Why do farmers market 15-cent corn, when it will bring them 30 cents if fed to hogs?" The farmers not only learned that the best way to sell corn was by transforming it into hogs, but into cattle and poultry, and the result was that of the $40,000,000 increase in the productivity of Kansas in 1897 one-half and a trifle more came from the increase in live-stock. In other words, by the time that 1897 arrived the Kansas farmer had found out that there were other things than corn worth while raising, and that although corn was the largest crop, and must continue to be the largest crop, in the State, there were profitable ways of disposing of it other than by selling it at cost price or lower.

The farmer of the Middle West last year adapted his methods to his soil and to probable prices. It should be remembered that the State is a sloping plain. At the eastern end it has an elevation of 765 feet above the sea-level, and at the western end the elevation is 3365 feet, or a rise which is about seven feet to the mile. In the southeastern quarter of the State the crops almost never fail. The western half is given up to native grasses, and is called the short-grass country. It is not productive of cereals under cultivation, owing to the altitude, the lack of water, and the condition of the soil. Nature intended it for a live-stock-grazing country. The Hon. Thomas M. Potter, president of the State Board of Agriculture, is responsible for the statement that his cattle have gained three pounds a day in weight by feeding on these native grasses. It is in the western part of the State that the abandoned towns and farms of the State are found. Farming, as carried on elsewhere, did not pay; but it is in the western part of the State also that the revived cattle industry of Kansas is flourishing. It was in the central west that the great wheat crop was raised. An analysis of the farm report is interesting.

The reports for 1897 show an increase of 300,000 head of cattle for slaughter in one year. That increase alone brought more than $11,000,000 in the year's prosperity for the State. Last year the cattle for slaughter in Kansas numbered 1,600,000. In 1896 they numbered 1,300,000. The milch-cows increased 37,000, showing a considerable increase in the dairying industry. It is interesting to know that since the year 1887 the average product of a cow has increased from $7 01 in cheese, butter, and milk to $9 65. This is due to a constant improvement in the grade of stock, and shows another change in the farming methods. The increase in the dairy products in 1897 over 1896 was $300,000. The cost of maintaining a cow in Kansas is said to be 50 per cent. less than in New England.

As indicating that the dairy business will return a liberal profit if conducted wisely, the annual report of the Commissioner of Labor—the man who collects most of the Kansas statistics, except those collected by the Department of Agriculture—said, in 1895:

> There has never been a time in western Kansas when a farmer out of debt, and with a family of five, could not make a good living with twenty cows, provided he devoted enough time to the raising of Kaffir corn to make feed for them. . . . An investigation of results, made by J. E. Nissley, a practical Dickinson County creamery man, develops the fact that good milch-cows average $35 to their owners a year, that the average feeding expense is about $20, and that the average value of the cows is $28. An average profit of $15 per cow, on an investment of $28, besides the raising of a calf, is not a bad business transaction, considering that the feed is raised without expense other than the time of the farmer.

Another interesting exhibit in the crop figures for 1897 is that the number of swine increased more than 500,000 over the previous year. That shows that Mr. Hubbard's advice as to the disposition of corn must have been followed extensively. Sheep increased in numbers more than 200,000; but there was a decrease in the number of horses in the State over the previous year. In 1896 there were 846,000 horses in Kansas. In 1897 there were only 801,000 horses; but the satisfactory side to this decrease was the fact that, although there were 45,000 fewer horses, their value was 10 per cent. greater than that of the horses of the previous year, representing an increase in value of more than $2,000,000.

So many persons have looked upon Kansas as a "one-crop State" that it is worth while to go further into the analysis of what she produces. One of the most noteworthy items of her resources is that of poultry and eggs sold. To show how great is the value put upon this item, let me insert here a quotation from the report of the secretary of the Board of Agriculture on this topic, dated March 31, 1897. Mr. Coburn says, in his interesting Western way of grouping statistics:

> In the year ending March 1, 1896, the value of Kansas poultry and eggs sold was $3,608,815, or 19 per cent. more than the entire value of the rye, barley, buckwheat, castor-beans, cotton, hemp, tobacco, broom-corn, milo maize, Jerusalem corn, garden and horticultural products marketed, wine, honey, sheep, and wool of the same year. No field crops, with the exception of wheat, corn, and hay, equalled in value the surplus sold from the Kansas hens, ducks, turkeys, and geese in the year named.
>
> It was a sum sufficient to pay all the State and city taxes of the preceding year and leave on hand the comfortable nest-egg of $175,000. Its value was nearly twice (or 95 per cent.) greater than the same year's output of lead and zinc from our mines, conceded to be of great richness, and within 23 per cent. of the value of all the coal mined during the preceding year. It was 23 per cent. greater than the total paid in the State for teachers' wages and school supervision; more than three times as much as the total combined amounts paid for school sites, buildings, furniture, rent, repairs, district library and school apparatus, fuel, incidentals, and all other school purposes except salaries. In fact, the poultry came within about 14 per cent. of paying the entire cost of the public schools.

The poultry and eggs in 1897 brought $250,000 more to the State than in 1896, and much of it may have been due to the fostering care of the Department of Agriculture. Here it is proper to call attention to the work that this department does for the farmers of the State. Not only has it a system of correspondence probably unmatched by any other State in the Union, but it keeps constantly in touch with all sorts of farmers, and notifies them frequently as to the results in important experiments. It issues its reports quarterly, and they are not the cut and dried affairs that such documents usually are. They not only contain information, but entertainment. They are prepared by Secretary Coburn, whose work is so valuable that he is the only Republican official of importance that the Populists did not oust when they came into full possession of the State government. Mr. Coburn is a man of decided sentiment, which is mixed up in a picturesque way with the practical method he employs in looking after the affairs of his department. His reports bear in red ink such titles as these: "Cow-Culture," "The Helpful Hen," "The Beef Steer and his Sister."

These reports contain not only a "breezy introduction" by Mr. Coburn, but miscellany of all sorts relating to the subject dealt with. There are not only long tables of statistics in them, but excerpts from newspapers, and also essays and pictures. So desirable are these reports that on the morning of my visit to Mr. Coburn he asked me to lift a basket full of letters and guess the weight. There were twenty-five pounds of letters that had just arrived, and all were requests for copies of the "Helpful Hen." Illustrating the sentiment that lies under the surface in Mr. Coburn, one may find printed in red ink on the cover of this book, and directly under its title, these words, which, being without quotation marks, and also being somewhat sentimental and eloquent in a Kansas way, I take to be the output of Mr. Coburn:

> While everything else was going to rack and ruin, she (the "Helpful Hen") increased and multiplied; she supported herself and the family, too. The very insects that would have despoiled the farm she fattened upon, laying her daily egg—the blessed egg that took the place of beef and milk, mutton and pork—and in good time, after all these services, surrendered her toothsome body to the cause of humanity.

Almost the first article in this report is one clipped from the *Western Farmer* and written by A. L. Crosby. It gives, in imitation Biblical language, the conversation between a husband and wife as to their experiment in raising poultry. The wife had agreed to buy all the grain needed for the poultry of her husband, and he in turn agreed to pay her the market-price for all the eggs and chickens that were consumed in the household, and this account of their settlement is given:

> Then the lord of the manor taketh out his little book, and showeth unto his wife how many measures of grain she had bought of him and the price thereof, and that she was indebted unto him to the amount of seventy-five dollars lawful money.
>
> Then his wife said unto him: "Give me the price of a measure of corn, also of oats and of other grains, that I have had of thee," and he having done so, she looketh over her parchment whereon she had marked the price of the merchant for those grains, and putting down some figures, reduceth the amount of dollars to sixty and five, which she showeth to the lord of the manor, and explaineth the matter unto him, and sayeth unto him: "My lord is a just man and would not defraud even his wife; behold, this is the price of the merchant who keepeth the market at the place where the roads do cross."
>
> And the lord of the manor said: "Let it be as thou wilt." (For he thought he was very safe.)
>
> Then the woman gathered herself up, and with a voice of exceeding sweetness did tell unto the lord of the manor how many score of dozens of eggs they had consumed, and how many dozens of chickens they had eaten, both fried and roasted, and the price the merchant received for the eggs and the chickens, and the price thereof was for the eggs from fifteen to thirty cents per dozen, and when the blizzard arose in the land the price for the space of two weeks was forty cents.
>
> And the price of the chickens was from two to four dollars a dozen, and the sum of the whole was just one hundred and twenty-five dollars more than the cost of the feed.
>
> And the woman said: "Pay unto me one hundred and twenty dollars, and take thou the five dollars and buy thyself a piece of sackcloth, and I will furnish the ashes free." (For there was nothing mean about this woman.)

Is there any wonder that the requests for such an attractive official compilation come in by the pound, and that the result is that the farmer of Kansas profits by the serious side of the story it tells?

There are other interesting items in the list of Kansas's crops and products, and although figures are dry, I venture to reproduce some more, because, like pictures, they tell a story in their own way, one that cannot be told so well in any other manner. The value of the oats in the State for 1897 was nearly $4,000,000; Irish and sweet potatoes, $2,600,000; millet, $2,000,000; sorghum, Kaffir corn and maize for fodder, $6,000,000; tame grasses, $3,000,000; prairie grasses, $4,300,000; horticulture, garden products, and wine, $1,500,000. The wine in this list is the greatest surprise of all, for it must be remembered that Kansas is a prohibition State in theory. I am sorry that the item escaped my notice until after I had left the State, so that it was too late to ask what becomes of the wine and how the valuation is put on it if it is not sold in the State.

I find, however, by the report of the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture, issued early in January of this year, that wine was made in no less than 82 of the 106 counties of the State; that the vineyards number 7121; that the number of gallons of wine produced was 231,364, which, at 75 cents a gallon, was worth $173,523—a neat little sum for such an industry in a prohibition State! Closer examination of the tables shows that the county raising the most wine is Doniphan, which has a record of 497 vineyards, producing 49,892 gallons of wine, worth $37,419. An examination of the map of Kansas shows that Doniphan County is in the very northeastern corner of the State, adjoining the States of Nebraska and Missouri. Nebraska and Missouri are not prohibition States, and if this fact has any relation to Doniphan County's wine production other than a mere coincidence, of course that is another story.

Perhaps one hint as to the consumption of Kansas wine may be had from an experience I had at supper in a hotel in Marysville, in the northern central part of the State, one evening. I noticed a decanter in the centre of the table filled with something red, and said to the waiter-girl,

"What is in that decanter?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Is it wine?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Well, it's something to drink?"

"It looks that way."

"Is it given away with the meals here?"

"See here, mister, I think you had better taste some of that, and if you are the kind of man you look, you won't ask any more questions of me in this prohibition State."

Although I was squelched, I did follow directions. It was a fair brand of port wine, and although it may be a style known only in Kansas to furnish such a product at supper, I purposely refrain from mentioning the name of the hotel. I was told that they had free sherry for breakfast. It was in that same town that I found a big wooden sign stretching clear across the sidewalk from building to the curb, on the busiest block in the main street, which read, "Are you dry?" Then a hand with a finger pointed straight at the door of a saloon in full blast. I went in, and found that in no way did the place differ from saloons in other States. There were six saloons in that town of about 3000 persons, and the monthly fines, in lieu of license, went a great ways toward the support of the schools and other institutions. Perhaps Kansas wine goes into many of these saloons.

It is not easy to get crop statistics in Nebraska, for the reason that the State Board of Agriculture devotes itself chiefly to a State fair once a year, and not to the kind of work that is done in Kansas. You may gather facts about Nebraska mortgages easier than about Nebraska crops and products. The Omaha *Bee*, early in October, published an estimate of the quantity and value of crops in that State for 1897, and Governor Holcomb sent me personally what he said was the estimate of the secretary of the State Board of Agriculture. The figures in both cases are identical, and I am unable to say whether the secretary got them from the *Bee* or the *Bee* got them from the secretary, inasmuch as neither gives the other credit.

The chief fact about the Nebraska figures is that they show that corn is still king in that commonwealth. The value of the 33,000,000 bushels of wheat raised was, in Nebraska, $23,000,000; of the 230,000,000 bushels of corn raised, $42,000,000; of the 69,000,000 bushels of oats, $10,000,000; of the 5,000,000 bushels of rye, $1,800,000; of the 4,600,000 tons of hay, $14,000,000. The total value of the farm products at local market-prices was $99,000,000; dairy products, $9,500,000; eggs, $2,250,000; poultry, $5,500,000; live-stock, $44,000,000—a total of more than $161,000,000, against a total of $230,000,000 for 1897 raised in Kansas.

There has been so much diversity of opinion as to the cost of raising wheat and corn by the acre and bushel, and the consequent profit in that branch of farming in the West, that I append here a statement given to me in type writing by Secretary Coburn as to wheat-culture:

> James Glover, of Harper County, Kansas, sends the State Agricultural Department an estimate, which he says many good farmers approve or have verified, showing the cost at which wheat can be and is raised for in that county, on lands that can be bought for $10 to $12 per acre, and give yields ranging anywhere from 15 to 40 bushels per acre. His figures are as follows:

COST OF AN ACRE OF WHEAT.

Interest on land ($15 per acre), at 8 per cent.	$1 20
Taxes	13
Ploughing	80
Harrowing twice	20
Drilling	25
Heading	1 00
Seed, average	60
	$4 18

> On the foregoing basis he places the cost per bushel on different yields per acre, including 6 cents per bushel in each instance for thrashing, thus:

15 bushels	per	acre	cost	34	cents	per	bushel.
18 "	"	"	"	29	"	"	"
20 "	"	"	"	27	"	"	"
25 "	"	"	"	22½	"	"	"

> It is on record that in 1889 E. F. Burchfield, of Harper County, raised an average of 42½ bushels on a 20-acre field; J. P. Marker, of Ellsworth County, the same year raised 50 bushels per acre on 130 acres; Israel McComas, of Jackson County, had 51 bushels average on a 19-acre field; and Warren Fulton, of Pottawatomie County, harvested 54 bushels per acre from 18 acres. Secretary Coburn has no doubt later thrashing will show that these figures have in many instances been surpassed this year (1897) in Sumner, Cowley, and other counties, but suggests it would be a mistake for everybody to "rush into wheat," expecting to acquire fortune through often realizing the phenomenal yields mentioned.

Bank-Commissioner Breidenthal tells me that in some of the places where the phenomenal wheat yields have come he has known of instances where the cost of raising it was even as low as 10 cents a bushel. But those, of course, are extreme cases, and for the purposes of computing general profits are useless. As to the cost of raising corn, perhaps the best figures to be obtained are those furnished by J. W. Robison, of El Dorado, Kansas, who is known as the "Corn King" of the State. Mr. Robison has had an experience covering forty-seven crops in Kansas and Illinois, and has had recently nearly 3000 acres under cultivation. He gives as the cost a bushel of raising corn by what is known as "check growing," 17¼ cents; by listing, 15 cents. He tells of some phenomenal crops where the cost of producing the corn up to the time it was stored in the cribs was only 7¾ cents a bushel. One of those years was 1889.

So much also has been said to the effect that a good crop is the exception rather than the rule in the Middle West that I here reproduce a little table that was compiled for me by a State official in Nebraska:

> The large yields of grain in Nebraska since the settlement of the State are sufficient guarantee for great crops in the future. The Nebraska crop report, compiled from official information, shows the following condition for each year from 1869 to 1897.

1869	Big crop.	1884	Good crop.
1870	Failure.	1885	Good crop.
1871	Good crop.	1886	Good crop.
1872	Good crop.	1887	Short crop.
1873	Short crop.	1888	Good crop.
1874	Failure.	1889	Big crop.
1875	Good crop.	1890	Failure.
1876	Good crop.	1891	Big crop.
1877	Good crop.	1892	Good crop.
1878	Good crop.	1893	Short crop.
1879	Good crop.	1894	Failure.
1880	Short crop.	1895	Fair crop.
1881	Good crop.	1896	Good crop.
1882	Good crop.	1897	Big crop.
1883	Good crop.		

In other words, there have been in twenty-nine years in Nebraska four big crops, sixteen good crops, four short crops, one fair crop, and only four crop failures. The same weather conditions practically prevail in

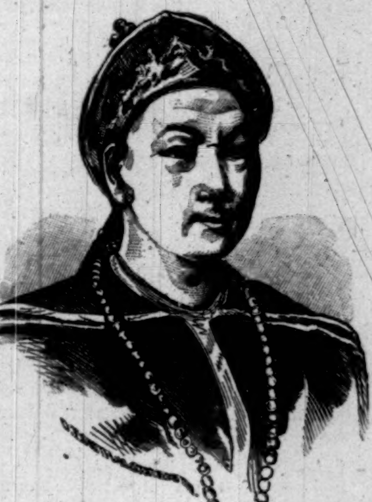
(Continued on page 189.)

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

NOTHING contributes more towards a sound digestion than DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS.—[*Adv.*]

THE ORIGINAL ANGOSTURA BITTERS is manufactured by C. W. ABBOTT & CO., Baltimore. Signature on label. —[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]



WE publish, as a great curiosity, the following characteristic letter, received more than forty years ago by Dr. J. C. Ayer, of Lowell, Mass., from the "Rebel Chief," or usurping Emperor, of China, in acknowledgment for quantities of his CHERRY PECTORAL and CATHARTIC PILLS—then, as now, famous for their curative virtues—which the Doctor sent him as a present:

> TO DOCTOR AYER IN AMERICA,
>
> *The great curing Barbarian of the outside country.*
>
> Your present of sweet curing seeds (*Pills*) and fragrant curing drops (*Pectoral*) of the Cherry smell, has been brought to Hugsen-Tsene—the mighty Emperor (Ewangto) of the terrible, stout Ming Dynasty, by grace of Heaven restored after an interval of ages—Prince of Peace (Ta-ping-Wang) of China, the central flowery land. He directed his powerful Mandarins to give them to the sick according to what the Interpreters read from your printed papers (*directions*). Be profoundly happy, O wise Barbarian! for I, Yang-seu-Tsing, say it. Your curing seeds and sweet curing drops were given to the sick in his army of the Winged-Sword, and have made them well. Be profoundly happy while you live, for this is known to the Mighty Emperor of China, who approves your skill and permits you to send more of your curing Medicines for his fierce armies of myriads of men.
>
> They may be given to Chiang-Lin, chief Mandarin of the Red Button, at Shanghai, who will repay you with Tea, or Silk, or Gold.
>
> The high Mandarins of China have heard of your great knowledge, surpassing all other foreigners, even aspiring to equal the divine wisdom of our own healing teachers, who make remedies that cure instantly. We are pleased to know you bow in trembling terror before our Mighty Emperor.
>
> Written by YANG-SEU-TSING,
>
> Minister-in-chief of the restored Imperial Ming Dynasty, destined by the heavenly wisdom to rule in China.
>
> (*Translated by the American Consulate at Hong-Kong, China, 3d May*, 1855.)

—From Cowley's "History of Lowell."

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A FAIR SKIN

can always be insured, free from all imperfections—whether effects of exposure to heat or cold, sun or wind, or subject to chronic skin trouble—by using

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Rough, Hard, and	Scaly Eruptions,
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The Club
MANHATTAN
Cocktails

Why THE CLUB COCKTAILS Are Best

Years of experience have verified the theory that a Cocktail made of the best materials and aged is infinitely better than those prepared as wanted. As a Cocktail is substantially a blend of different liquors, and as the oldest distillers are a unit in admitting that all blends improve with age, it must be accepted as a fact, ratified by the general experience of the trade, that an aged mixed drink of any kind is superior to one made as wanted. Cocktails as served over bars are made entirely by guess, while the Club Cocktails are aged all ready for use, and require only to be poured over cracked ice and strained off to be in perfect condition. They are made entirely by actual weight and measurement, and, admitting that the same quality of materials are used in both cases, the wholesale form of making must be the only way of getting Cocktails of uniform quality.

In the past the male sex were the only ones privileged to partake of that daintiest of American drinks, the "Cocktail." With the innovation of Club Cocktails it has been made possible for the gentler sex to satisfy its curiosity in regard to the concoction about which so much has been written and said, and which has heretofore not been obtainable by them.

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grow paying crops because they're fresh and **always the best.** For sale everywhere. Refuse substitutes. Stick to **Ferry's Seeds** and prosper. 1898 Seed Annual free. Write for it.
D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL STATEMENT OF

The Equitable Life Assurance Society

Of the United States.

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1897.

ASSETS.

Bonds and Mortgages	$36,175,726.10
Real Estate, including the Equitable Building and purchases under foreclosure of mortgages	26,622,906.53
United States Stocks, State and City Stocks and other investments, as per market quotations Dec. 31, 1897 (market value over cost, $7,496,631.93)	126,237,940.98
Loans secured by Bonds and Stocks (market value Dec. 31, 1897, $14,976,578.00)	12,051,800.00
Real Estate outside the State of New York, including purchases under foreclosure and office buildings	13,790,363.88
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest	16,267,823.83
Balances due from agents	459,058.67
Interest and Rents due and accrued	588,746.05
Premiums due and unreported, less cost of collection	2,483,313.00
Deferred Premiums, less cost of collection	2,198,629.00
Total Assets	$236,876,308.04

We hereby certify that, after a personal examination of the securities and accounts described in the foregoing statement for the year 1897, we find the same to be true and correct as stated. The stocks and bonds in the above statements are valued at the market price December 31, 1897.

Francis W. Jackson, Auditor. A. W. Maine, 2nd Auditor.

LIABILITIES.

Reserve (or Assurance Fund) on all existing policies, on the Legal Standard on which it is calculated that future interest earnings will be at the rate of 4%	$184,191,538.00
All other Liabilities	2,141,595.20
Total Liabilities	$186,333,133.20
Surplus	$50,543,174.84

INCOME.

Premium Receipts	$38,563,273.65
Cash received for Interest and from other sources	10,008,995.88
Income	$48,572,269.53

DISBURSEMENTS.

Death Claims	$11,723,453.58
Matured and Discounted Endowments	1,160,578.65
Annuities	515,692.00
Surrender Values	3,157,494.68
Matured Tontine Values	2,205,199.00
Dividends paid to Policy-Holders	2,343,896.23
Paid Policy-Holders	$21,106,314.14
Commissions, advertising, postage, and exchange	4,624,913.04
All other payments; Taxes, salaries, medical examinations, general expenses, etc.	3,912,050.43
Contingent Guarantee Fund	3,500,000.00
Disbursements	$33,143,277.61

ASSURANCE.

INSTALMENT POLICIES STATED AT THEIR COMMUTED VALUES.

Outstanding Assurance	$951,165,837.00
New Assurance written in 1897	$156,955,693.00
Proposals for Assurance Examined and Declined	$24,491,973.00

We, the undersigned, appointed by the Board of Directors of the Equitable Society, in accordance with its by-laws, to revise and verify all its affairs for the year 1897, hereby certify that we have, in person, carefully examined the accounts, and counted and examined in detail the Assets of the Society, and do hereby certify that the foregoing statement thereof is true and correct as stated.

E. Boudinot Colt, T. S. Young, }
G. W. Carleton, H. J. Fairchild, } Special Committee of the Board of Directors.

The average rate of Interest earned on the Assets of the Society in 1897 was 4.60%.

On a calculation that the Society will receive only 4% as its future average rate of interest, the surplus, after deducting all liabilities, is $50,543,174.84.

On a calculation that the Society will receive only 3% as its future average rate of interest, the surplus, after deducting all liabilities, is $29,014,300.00.

The surplus of the Society is greater than the surplus of any other life assurance company in the United States or Europe, on similar computations.

Whatever percentage of interest the Society may receive in the future in excess of the rate used in the above computation is accumulated and invested for the greater increase of its surplus for the benefit of its policy-holders. An apportionment of profits will be made as usual to policy-holders during the year 1898 in the manner specified in their respective policies.

We hereby certify to the correctness of the above statement.

George W. Phillips, Actuary. J. G. Van Cise, Assistant Actuary.

STATE OF NEW YORK, INSURANCE DEPARTMENT, ALBANY, FEBRUARY 1, 1898.

I hereby certify that, in accordance with the provisions of Section Eighty-four of the Insurance Law of the State of New York, I have caused the policy obligations of The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, outstanding on the 31st day of December, 1897, to be valued as per the Combined Experience Table of Mortality, at four per cent. interest, and I certify the same to be $184,191,538.00.

Louis F. Payn, *Superintendent of Insurance.*

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(*Continued from page 187.*)

Kansas as in Nebraska, and it is safe to assume that the same statistics are true of the neighboring State. If the law of averages holds good in farming as in other callings, it would seem to be not a difficult thing to prepare for the poor years in farming in those States. There have been more than twice as many good and big years as short years and failures. The rule seems to be that twice out of three times will be either a good or a big crop.

The hard times not only taught the farmer the need of diversification in his crops, but it taught him one other most important thing. That was to care for his machinery. Up to 1890 the farmer of the Middle West had no great amount of drudgery to do in raising his crops, such as the Eastern farmer knows. He put his wheat and corn in the ground and worked over them, but they grew without much trouble. Prices were high, and it was one of the commonest sights in the West to see expensive farm machinery standing out exposed to all sorts of weather. Such carelessness was almost criminal. Splendid reapers and the other costly machinery of modern farming were treated as though there were of no more value than the ordinary wheelbarrow. You see the same carelessness to some extent nowadays. In my recent trip through the eastern end of the State from north to south I saw perhaps fifty farms where farm machinery was left exposed to the weather, but it was the rare exception and not the rule.

Another thing that the hard times taught was economy in little things. The farmers of Kansas are now saving manures and making use of them. They are improving their breeds of cattle and poultry. They are studying markets and prices. One of the most successful farmers in Nebraska, who has made more than $100,000, starting with nothing, told me that one of the secrets of his success was to take "sure winnings," and not hold on for fabulous prices with the ruin that often follows in their trail. The farmer has also learned to plough deep and to keep on giving the soil on which his crops are raised the benefits of air and sunshine. He has learned that a small bunch of cattle or sheep is a desirable thing to raise, in addition to corn and wheat, and that hogs are the best paying scavengers a farm can have. In other words, he has become convinced that farming is not only a business, calling for the exercise of business principles, but that it is a science, and to some extent an art, requiring a delicate adjustment of nature's gifts to sound economic principles. One man put it in another way that is blunter and perhaps more expressive when he said to me, "You will see very little more fool farming in this State hereafter."

After one studies what has been accomplished in Kansas in about thirty-five years, all practically through the farming industry, he will be inclined to think that there has been after all very little "fool farming." Agriculture has developed there logically and along simple lines, the lines of least resistance. What it has accomplished in those years has been summed up best, I think, in an address given by ex-Governor Felt at Topeka recently, before the State Board of Agriculture. He said:

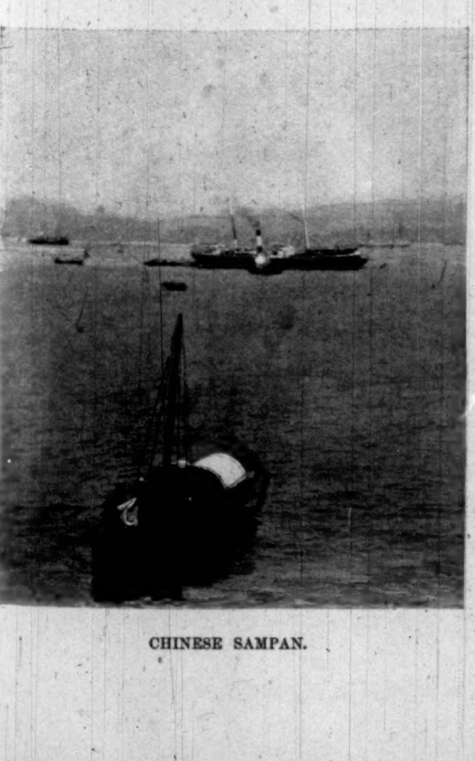
"Kansas is not poor; she is rich. A State whose population has gone from 107,000 in 1860 to 1,334,734 in 1895 is not poor, and cannot be made poor save by her own people. Of that population 1,000,000 dwell outside of the ninety-five towns and cities having over 1000 population. Our increase in population since 1887 is 45 per cent.; increase in acreage of winter wheat, over 200 per cent.; increase in acreage of corn, 50 per cent.; increase in acreage of tame grass, 120 per cent.; increase in acreage of all field crops, over 100 per cent.

"Kansas cannot be poor when in thirty-five years she has built 5000 churches, at a cost of $6,000,000. Kansas is not poor; she pays less than $120,000 a year to support paupers; but she has built in thirty-five years 8000 public-school houses, and owns $9,000,000 worth of public-school property. No people can be poverty-stricken whose homes have $2,000,000 in private libraries, and where more magazines and newspapers are read at the farmer's fireside than under any other sky.... The prosperity of Kansas is in the growth of her farms and the abiding success of the brave men and patient women who have made the farm a home, and from the homes have builded a State. Only the secret archives of God's recording angel can reveal the secret, patient, long-suffering, heroic struggle of the brave, loyal wives and mothers who have presided as ministering angels at the homes and firesides on the plains of Kansas."

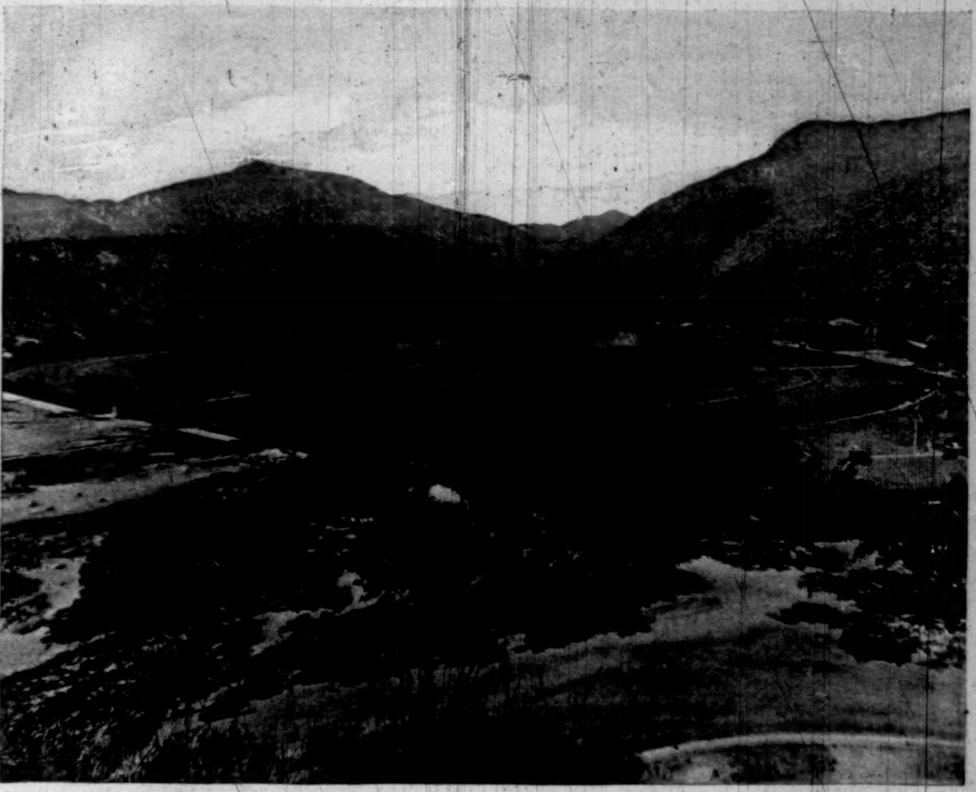
What Governor Felt says is true. I can bear personal testimony as to the reading the farmers do. I stopped in one of three book-stores in a town of 8000 people, and asked the proprietor how large a sale of monthly magazines and weekly periodicals he had. He told me that he sold more than 500 copies of the various magazines a month, and that his sale of weeklies was also large. He mentioned that he sold 75 copies each week of HARPER'S WEEKLY, and at the time he gave me the information he had no knowledge that I was more than an ordinary visitor to the town from New York. This was the record in only one of three stores, and, of course, was in addition to what came to town by subscription through the mails.

One of the foremost editors in Chicago said to me, when I started for Kansas and Nebraska:

"A great public man said to me twenty-five years ago, 'An American race of giants is to come out of the Middle West.' I think you'll find indications of it. They are the most intelligent people on earth. The native-born population number 90 per cent. of the whole. They have had hard times and have been in distress, but whatever may be said of them and their vagaries, they are already beginning to produce giants in intellect."



CHINESE SAMPAN.



RACE-COURSE, STEEPLE-CHASE COURSE, POLO AND FOOTBALL FIELD, AND GOLF-COURSE IN THE WONG NEI-CHONG VALLEY (HAPPY VALLEY), HONG-KONG.

AMATEUR · SPORT

MR. CASPAR WHITNEY *will be absent several months on a sporting tour around the world, including a tour of observation in the West and in Europe, and on a hunting expedition for big game in Siam, which he has undertaken for* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

During MR. WHITNEY'S *absence this department will publish contributions from well-known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport. The next number will contain the first of a series of articles entitled "A Harvard Man at Oxford,"* by JOHN CORBIN.

NON-ATHLETIC CHINA.

BY CASPAR WHITNEY.

THERE is no native athletic movement in China. The only suggestion I saw of anything so modern was furnished by two Chinamen mounted on bicycles, one at Shanghai and one at Hong-kong, and they were probably servants of Europeans. This is not because the Chinaman is lacking in ability, for, on the contrary, he has a much better head (and heart too) than the Japanese, but because unity of purpose or endeavor or progression of any sort is foreign to China.

Poor John Chinaman is as much underrated as the Jap is overrated. The coolies, as the very lowest class is called, are a miserable lot that eke out an existence by any means, and are dense to solidity in heart and head; but the tradesmen, and all classes above them, are as quick-witted as the Japanese, much more persevering, and infinitely more dependable. The Chinese merchant will fulfil his contracts even though he be a loser by a turn in the market; the Japanese has no sense of moral responsibility whatever. He breaks his contracts as readily as he makes them. The Japanese is not apt to improve on acquaintance; the Chinaman is. In Japan the government is not polluted by corruption; in China the government simply reeks of corruption. What can be expected of a nation whose sponsors lay waste her resources while she is fighting for very life.

It is difficult to believe that Chinese officials actually supplied the army with worthless guns and dummy shells to use against the Japanese—pocketing the difference in cost—and yet such scandalous thieving was frequent and well authenticated during the war. There is no such thing in China as loyalty to country, and the difference between China and Japan, as shown by the progressive prosperity of one and the uncivilized condition of the other, is best and most briefly expressed by the fact that Japan is a nation, China a race.

In such a country one would scarcely look for so modern an institution as organized athletics. In some of the schools, now and again, an exuberance of animal spirit spends its energy in native games of one kind and another that have to do with sticks and stones, and are best suited to girls. Occasionally, too, on the streets in China, one sees the boys at play with a bit of wood, kicking it about in a primitive sort of hop-scotch. In some of the missionary schools there has been an effort here and there by an athletic teacher to introduce baseball and association football, but as yet with no satisfactory results, although I was told of a school up country which actually played football regularly. My informant was not very certain of his knowledge, however.

Not even is there the scrub *sampan*-racing in China by the boatmen that may be seen once in a while in Japan, although 20,000 men live with their families, day and night, on boats in the Hong-kong harbor, and in the harbor of Canton the floating population is estimated at ten times that number—a separate class from the landsmen—with boats arranged in streets and blocks in the harbor, and whose owners are born, marry, and die on them.

At least one explanation of the total absence of occasional *sampan*-racing may be that the motive power in China is usually a woman, who, with a baby strapped on her back, propels the *sampan* or attends to the simple housekeeping with equal facility.

But the real reason for no athletic activity is found in the disposition of the Chinaman himself. He has no athletic tendencies whatever. His day's work, often carried far into the night, leaves him with no inclination for further physical effort, and his environments all offer a silent if powerful protest against unusual or unnecessary endeavor.

The Chinaman finds his relaxation in gambling, and of games of chance he has an infinite variety. Perhaps, could he be introduced to the intoxication of horse-racing, with its attendant betting-ring, he would become a heathen gentleman of pronounced and emphatic "sporting" habits. As it is, when he can, he makes a holiday of the days upon which the Shanghai and Hong-kong English jockey clubs hold their races.

It is really only using up good space to discuss further the Chinaman's relation to sport. He has none, and, from the present outlook, it will be many years before he acquires any. But that is not to say there is no sport in China; for, on the contrary, there is perhaps more than in any other country in the far East, save India, and it is practically confined to Shanghai and Hong-kong. It is unnecessary to say that it is English, although in Shanghai there are a few Americans, and several of them join in the sport. There is a country club at Shanghai, and the most popular game is of course cricket; but lawn-tennis, boating, and a little football are also played. There is not a great deal of football in China, however—the climate is not conducive to such vigorous effort, especially at Hong-kong. There is, besides, much paper-hunting, and an occasional drag-hunt; but the soil is too wet for great success in this direction, and fox-hunting is impossible altogether.

Inter-port matches are often arranged between Shanghai, Hong-kong (China), and Singapore (on the Malay Peninsula)—most generally in cricket—but these do not always, or even frequently, represent the actual playing strength of the visiting port. The average man in the far East is not one of leisure—if he were, he would take the first ship for a more agreeable country—and therefore not once in twenty times are the best players able to represent their town. So the visiting teams are usually made up of whoever can arrange their affairs to take the trip. At all events, it provides sport and some excitement.

The most exciting sporting events of the China year, at both Shanghai and Hong-kong, are the races held in the spring and autumn. The excitement, however, is by no means furnished by the speed of the ponies, which are the small-stock variety indigenous to the country, and have all the Chinaman's disinclination to extra physical effort. The excitement is furnished by the frantic efforts of the gentlemen jockeys to move their mounts to unusual pace. Sometimes they succeed; more often they do not.

Whatever the quality of the racing, there is no question of the social success of the events. Race-week is the gala-week of the far East—Europeans come in from the outlying provinces, the men-of-war of all nations steam to the favored port, and the holiday-making is general. It even includes some of the Asiatics, and the stand reserved for natives, especially at Hong-kong, holds a motley crew indeed, what with Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, Malays, Parsees, Sikhs, Hindoos, Turks, and Eurasians.

The race-course at Hong-kong, in, as the Europeans call it, Happy Valley, is one of the most picturesquely situated bits of sporting-ground I have ever seen. It is situated in a pretty little valley, with high hills on two sides, and the ends narrowing so as to render the outlets almost invisible. It has a beautiful piece of turf, sufficiently large to permit of an oval running-track seven furlongs around. The horse-racing has been found so tame here that it is supplemented in the season by monthly gymkhana meetings, to which fun-making sport the native pony is better adapted. There are also a steeple-chase course and a polo-field, although the ponies are not very good at this game either, being too sluggish, and the play becomes on that account slow. The regiment puts forth a majority of the players, and holds also an annual series of sports for the men. There is a boat-house near the cricket-ground, with a fleet of very fair boats, and, most luxurious of all Eastern luxuries, a swimming-tank. The ladies' tennis-ground is one of the most attractive bits of landscape-gardening to be found in the country. There are seven concrete courts, arranged in terraces of two courts each, one above the other. The arrangement is made necessary on account of Hong-kong's situation at the base of and running back into and up a huge hill—considering it is 1500 feet high, perhaps mountain would be the more appropriate term.

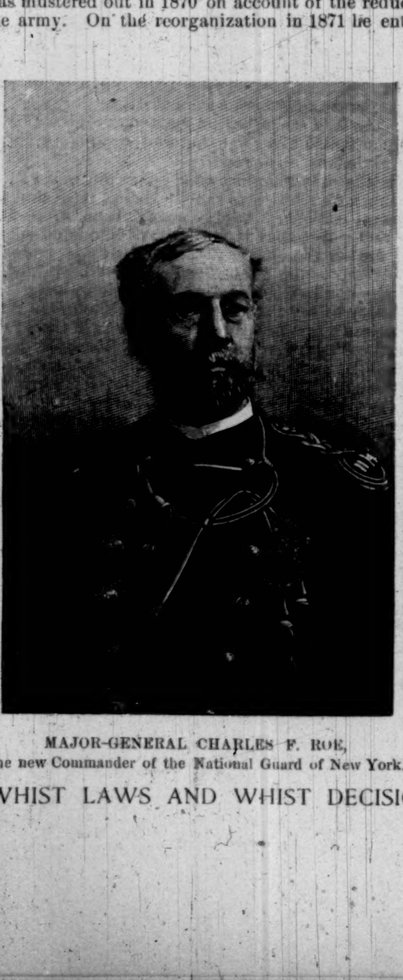
There is golf here, as well as at Shanghai—I have, indeed, yet to find a port at which civilized men congregate where golf is not. There is pheasant-shooting, and there are some snipe, quail, and a few woodcock; far inland, tigers are to be had with careful hunting.

HONG-KONG, *November 2, 1897.*

MAJOR-GENERAL CHARLES F. ROE.

THE appointment by Governor Black of Major C. F. Roe, commandant of Squadron A, the crack cavalry organization of the National Guard of New York, to be Major-General commanding the State troops has met with general commendation as the best possible selection. No better test of skill and capacity could be needed than this officer's work in making his squadron the most admirable of its kind in the United States. Aside from the fitness of the promotion, the fact is of special interest as forecasting the immediate reorganization of the State National Guard. It is understood that General Roe's appointment was made at the instance of Adjutant-General Tillinghast, who himself had been supposed to be an active candidate for the place. The plan of the reorganization includes the separation of the present First Brigade into two brigades, and the formation of the entire Guard of the State into a single division under the new Major-General. The Naval Reserve, however, is not included in the command. There were several names well known in State military affairs spoken of in connection with the major-generalship, but all of the competitors have most cordially acquiesced in the excellence of the choice. It has been understood from the first that General Roe only permitted the use of his name on condition that no influence should be brought to bear for his appointment, and that it should be a matter independent of all politics.

The new Major-General is a New-Yorker by birth, and entered the West Point Military Academy in 1864, somewhat too late to participate in the experiences of the late civil war. On graduation in 1868 he was gazetted to the First Cavalry as Second Lieutenant. He served on the frontier in the First and Second regiments of cavalry till he was mustered out in 1870 on account of the reduction of the army. On the reorganization in 1871 he entered the Second Cavalry again, and became a First Lieutenant in 1880. He resigned in 1888 for family reasons. During his regular service he signalized himself by gallantry on different occasions. He led the first column which went to the assistance of General Custer in June, 1876, but arrived on the fatal field of the Little Big Horn too late. For a considerable time he was adjutant of his regiment, a detail which is always a high certificate of professional excellence. The year after his resignation from the army he organized Troop A, which attracted so much attention, by the results of his ability as disciplinarian and drill-master, that it was successively enlarged to two and three troops, known as Squadron A. General Roe's appointment may be regarded as a noble omen of what will come from the new military organization.



MAJOR-GENERAL CHARLES F. ROE,
The new Commander of the National Guard of New York.

THE SPANISH MINISTER'S LETTER.

THE following letter was published in the daily press on February 9. It purports to be a private letter written by the Spanish minister to this country to Don José Canalejas which had come into the hands of the Cuban Junta. Our government at once demanded Mr. De Lome's recall, but the situation was relieved by the minister's resignation.

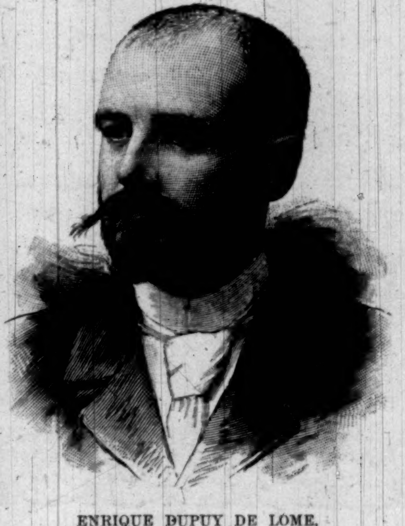
LEGATION DE ESPAÑA, WASHINGTON.

Eximo Señor Don José Canalejas:

MY DISTINGUISHED AND DEAR FRIEND,—You need not apologize for not having written to me; I also ought to have written to you, but have not done so on account of being weighed down with work, and *nous sommes quittes.*

The situation here continues unchanged. Everything depends on the political and military success in Cuba. The prologue of this second method of warfare will end the day that the Colonial Cabinet shall be appointed, and it relieves us in the eyes of this country of a part of the responsibility of what may happen there, and they must cast the responsibility upon the Cubans, whom they believe to be so immaculate.

Until then we shall not be able to see clearly, and I consider it to be a loss of time and an advance by the wrong road—the sending of emissaries to the rebel field, the negotiating with the autonomists not yet declared to be legally constituted, and the discovery of the intentions and purpose of this government. The exiles will return one by one, and, when they return, will come walking into the sheepfold, and the chiefs will gradually return. Neither of these had the courage to leave *en masse*, and they will not have the courage thus to return.



ENRIQUE DUPUY DE LOME,
Late Spanish Minister to the United States.

The message has undeceived the insurgents, who expected something else, and has paralyzed the action of Congress, but I consider it bad.

Besides the natural and inevitable coarseness [*grosería*] with which he repeats all that the press and public opinion of Spain has said of Weyler, it shows once more what McKinley is: weak and catering to the rabble, and, besides, a low politician, who desires to leave a door open to me and to stand well with the Jingoes of his party.

Nevertheless, as a matter of fact, it will only depend on ourselves whether he will prove bad and adverse to us. I agree entirely with you; without a military success nothing will be accomplished there, and without military and political success there is here always danger that the insurgents will be encouraged, if not by the government, at least by part of the public opinion.

I do not believe you pay enough attention to the rôle of England. Nearly all that newspaper canaille which swarms in your hotel are English, and at the same time that they are correspondents of the *Journal*, they are also correspondents of the best newspapers and reviews of London. Thus it has been since the beginning. To my mind, the only object of England is that the Americans should occupy themselves with us and leave her in peace, and if there is a war, so much the better; that would further remove what is threatening her—although that will never happen.

It would be most important that you should agitate the question of commercial relations, even though it would be only for effect, and that you should send here a man of importance, in order that I might use him to make a propaganda among the Senators and others in opposition to the Junta, and to win over exiles.

There goes Amblard. I believe he comes too deeply taken up with little political matters, and there must be something very great or we shall lose.

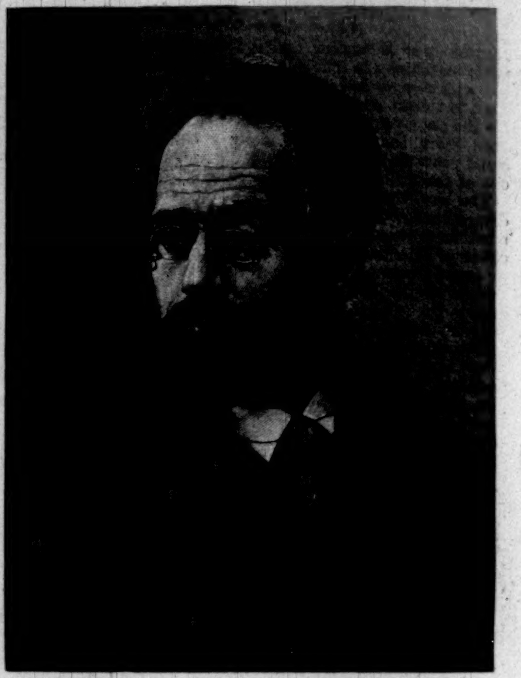
Adela returns your salutation, and we wish you in the new year to be a messenger of peace and take this New-Year's present to poor Spain.

Always your attentive friend and servant, who kisses your hands,

ENRIQUE DUPUY DE LOME.

PRESIDENT BARRIOS.

A STORMY career was ended by the assassination, on the evening of February 8, in Guatemala city, of President José Maria Reina Barrios of Guatemala. The assassin is reported to have been a man named Oscar Zollinger. Barrios was walking at the time near the palace accompanied by five guards, by whom the assassin was shot and killed in flight. We are told that the assassination was not immediately a political act, but it was doubtless a result of the animosities excited by the measures which



ÉMILE ZOLA,
The Champion of ex-Captain Dreyfus.—[See Page 170.]

the late President used to put down the revolution which broke out in the republic last fall. In connection with that he ordered a number of arbitrary and deplorable executions, and in particular ordered the death of Señor Don Juan Aparicio, a very well known merchant. Señor Aparicio's death was understood to have been a consequence of his refusal to advance money to President Barrios for use in suppressing the revolution.

President Reina Barrios was born in 1854, and was a nephew of President Justo Rufino Barrios, who was killed in 1885 in the war with Salvador. He was a fighting soldier from his youth up. When thirteen years old he took part in an unsuccessful revolutionary movement, headed by his uncle, against President Carria. When that failed he took refuge in Mexico. His uncle finally became President, and after his death, in 1885, the younger Barrios was made General of Division by the Guatemalan legislature in recognition of his gallantry in battle. In 1886 President Barillas appointed him Minister of War, and Congress elected him Vice-President. Soon Barillas became jealous of him, and he was banished, and went to San Francisco, where he married an American lady, a Miss Benton of New Orleans. In due time he went back to Guatemala with his wife, and in March, 1892, became President. The term is six years, but the Constitution prohibits re-election, and Barrios should have gone out of office on the 15th of March next, but there were very serious doubts whether he would go. Some time ago he caused the legislature to declare him Dictator, and that was understood to mean that he would hold on to power.

It is reported that Señor Cabreda, First Vice-President, has assumed the Executive chair, as the Constitution provides; also that General Morales, former Secretary of War under Barrios, and now in Mexico, will be the next President. He was the leader of the latest revolution, which seems to make him the logical candidate for the succession.

General Barrios is said to have accumulated a large private fortune, as is the wont of Central American Dictators.

Photograph by Taber.

PRESIDENT BARRIOS OF GUATEMALA,
Assassinated February 8, 1898.

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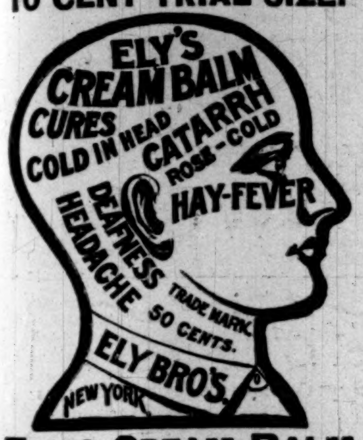

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"As a **preventive of Puerperal Convulsions** and **Puerperal Mania** I regard the **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** as most **valuable.** It should with this view form the constant beverage of pregnant women in the place of ordinary water. I have had considerable experience with this water in the treatment of **Bright's Disease.** I have witnessed the **Albuminuria** of this affection and also **casts of the renal vessels disappear on the use of the water,** and this not only in a single case, but in several of which I have full notes. It must in these cases also be taken in large quantities and its use continued for a considerable time."

George Halstead Boyland, A. M., M.D., *of Paris, Doctor of Medicine of the Faculty of Paris, in the "New York Medical Journal," August 22, 1896, says:*

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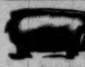

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